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The Pacific.

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WHOLE No. 1645.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOVEMBER 7, 1883.

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Triannual Meeting of the Humboldt Association.

The third triannual meeting of the Humboldt Association of Congregational churches convened in the Second Congregational church of Eureka, October 22d, at 7 p. m.

Opening sermon by Rev. G. M. Dexter of Hydesville, from Col. i: 24: "Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church." [As the preacher was afterwards elected Scribe, he has no comments to make upon the sermon.]

After sermon the Association was organized by the election of Rev. D. D. Bowman, Moderator, and Rev. G. M. Dexter, Scribe. Committees on Credentials, Docket and Narrative were chosen. Upon roll-call the five Congregational churches of the county were found represented by pastors and delegates, two of them sending six each a distance of twenty-five miles.

Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock, meeting was opened with devotional exercises, led by Rev. John Brier, Sr., Revs. Castle and Bast, of the U. B. Church, and Kuykendall, Van Anda and Wible, of the M. E. Church; J. S. Todd, Presbyterian; R. D. Clark, Baptist, and J. Brier, Congregationalist, were invited to sit as corresponding members.

I don't know that twelve ministerial brethren have ever met before in Eureka; but we hope to see many more such gatherings in the interests of Christ's kingdom.

REPORTS FROM CHURCHES.

The First church of Eureka reported by its pastor, C. A. Huntington: "We are holding our own; but the convicting, converting power of the Holy Ghost seems to be lacking. Yet we are hopeful for better times spiritually. The church is united. They are kind to its pastor. I have no anxiety for my daily bread; it comes to me without asking for it; my salary is paid regularly without asking. I love to work for them. Congregations are not large, yet respectful. My morning service is attended very generally by the children. My policy is to get the children to come, not only to the Sunday-school, but to the church. To this end I drill them in scriptural exercises which I have prepared and have printed upon large cards. One half hour is given to this, every Sabbath morning, before the sermon, and the children all seem to like it. The school has enrolled 200 names, and we have an attendance of from 150 to 175. There are nineteen classes, including two Bible classes, and we are feeling cramped for room. Have decided to enlarge our church and have started a subscription for that purpose; hope to raise \$1,200; \$600 has been subscribed by six persons."

Second Congregational church of Eureka, D. D. Bowman pastor. Reported by delegate Woodrich (supplemented by pastor): "We have just completed our house of worship. Our Sunday-school is growing; we have an average attendance of forty, made up from children who were attending no other school in the city. Our growth has necessarily been slow, as we are the last school to start, all the others being well established before we commenced last winter.

The financial condition of the church is good and prospering. Pastor's salary is paid weekly, and a collection one evening for song-books secured \$104, and 100 copies of Gospel Hymns Consolidated have been placed in the pews.

Spirituality there is growth. Two persons are expecting to unite with us at our next communion. Fair congregations in the morning, and in the evening the house is full."

Fernale church, Rev. Phillip Coombe pastor. Reported by delegate Sweet: "The church is growing. Nine have been received to membership on profession and one by letter since last Association meeting in July, and twenty-four since February last. There seems to be a growing interest in the church work, and God's spirit seems to be with us, and we hope is about to bless us."

The pastor added that great strength had been added to the church during the past year, and he considered the church at least four times as strong as one year ago.

The Hydesville church was reported by delegate Peter Johnson, and supplemented by its pastor, Rev. G. M. Dexter, including in his remarks the Rohnerville church: "Our churches are in a prosperous condition. Congregations are well sustained. Prayer meetings are interesting, and a spirit of union in the meetings at Hydesville that is really pleasant to see and enjoy. There is a slow yet steady growth. Nine have united with us during the year, seven of them on profession of faith, one of whom, a lad of fifteen years, has just entered Hopkins Academy for a course of study, with the ministry in view. The financial condition of the churches is good. They give their minister all that can be raised on the field, asking no questions, whether it is one thousand or two thousand dollars. Thus far, he has no complaint to make. All his needs are

promptly met, and he finds his work a pleasure and a joy. Having labored in several Home Missionary fields in California, he considers this as the "Banner Field" of the State.

Under the head of plans for sermons, from Gen. ii: 17 and iii: 4, Bro. Huntington read an essay embodying his views on the Garden of Eden. The essay was discussed to some length, drawing forth a variety of views. It was voted that the essay be sent to THE PACIFIC with the request that it be published in full.

Afternoon session opened by devotional exercises led by Rev. R. D. Clark, of the Baptist church. Rev. J. S. Todd, of Arcata, read an exceedingly interesting essay on "Music in our Churches." The paper was warmly indorsed by the Association, and a vote of thanks given Brother Todd for his contribution to the pleasure and profit of the Association.

Rev. P. Coombe reviewed Rev. T. H. Woodward's book entitled, "Which is the Sabbath? Saturday or Sunday?" No discussion of this question followed, as there is but one Seventh-day Adventist in the county, and that at Fernale; it was not thought that the disease would become epidemic.

Rev. John Brier, Sr., gave us a very able lecture on "Church Government." He occupied an hour, and presented a concise history of the Church, from the time when Jesus met the disciples in the upper room, and "breathed on them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost," to the present century. I wish this lecture might appear in print, as it is impossible to give a synopsis of it. The principles involved when he defined the true Church of Christ, were heartily endorsed by the Association and visiting brothers, only two rising in the negative.

Evening session opened with devotional exercises, led by Brother Coombe, of Fernale. Brother Huntington read a carefully written essay on "High License," taking the ground that high license is wrong; that any license of the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is wrong, and the only safe ground to take is prohibition. Discussion followed, in which A. J. Nelson, Presiding Elder of this district of the M. E. Church, took a part, endorsing the essay, and showing himself to be a strong prohibitionist. After this the only resolution passed by the Association was brought before the congregation, and passed unanimously by a rising vote:

Resolved, That the licensing of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors in any form as a beverage is contrary to the principles of the moral law, since it gives legal sanction to a confessed wrong, and places the responsibility of the wrong upon the people and exonerates the wrong-doer.

Resolved, That as churches and ministers, it is our duty to bring the Gospel to bear against it in all ways consistent with our religion.

A vote of thanks was passed to the churches of Eureka, for the generous manner in which they had entertained the delegates, and the Association adjourned to meet in Hydesville next spring, at the call of the Executive Committee. G. M. DEXTER, Scribe.

Congregational Associates.

BY REV. DR. E. G. BECKWITH.

[Read before the General Association at Santa Cruz.]

The weakness of Congregationalism is its faith in general principles and its consequent neglect of appliances. Confident in its polity as of Scriptural authority, conscious of the largest and most liberal charity, holding sacredly to liberty of conscience and the right of self-government, having an abounding faith in the average Christian intelligence, and a more abounding faith in the divine guidance, and believing that "the Congregational Way" is so plainly superior to every other way as to be its own recommendation, it assumes to need very few adjustments. A polity so simple, so rational, so Scriptural, so beautiful, so fitted for all the world's Christian work, ought to go of itself, we seem to have thought. And this is our weakness—an unbounded faith in our principles, and a fatal neglect of appliances. We have only the most meager plan of aggressive work, and the smallest possible modicum of ecclesiastical machinery.

Now this is not a necessary outcome of our polity. It is our boast, and it is in the very nature of Congregationalism, that it admits the largest liberty of effective Christian activity, not only freedom from burdensome rites and rules, but also freedom for all helpful agencies. But we have not used our freedom wisely. And the result is that we have not held our own in the work of possessing the land for Christ. With all the advantages of our most Scriptural and rational polity, and of our prior occupancy, we have been outsped again and again. And the reason is plain: We have settled back upon our principles, expecting them to speed us on. But principles alone do not speed anybody on. Principles are not aggressive; only plans and appliances are aggressive—things with a purpose behind them. Principles are good for guidance, but there must be something to guide, or there will be no

getting on in any sort of Christian work.

What we specially need, then, in our "Congregational Way," is the means of aggression. When we have the churches we build them up into symmetry and efficiency. But how to get the churches, and especially how to get those first things around which churches center and crystallize, and out of which they grow, and those subsidiary things through which our Christian forces can be made most effective, that is the weak point in our polity. But there ought to be no such weakness in it. With room enough in our ecclesiastical liberty for whatever is most effective, we ought to be wise enough to find and earnest enough to use, the surest appliance for the most Christ-like aggressiveness.

It was in view of this manifest want that the agency called "The Congregational Associates" was organized in June, 1879, in the interest of the Congregational churches of California. It proposes to do those first things and those subsidiary things upon which our progress so much depends, and for which there is no other formal provision in our evangelizing agencies. For example, there are Sunday-schools to be organized and sustained in destitute places, out of which churches may grow. We have no other specific agency for that. There are lands to be acquired, or that ought to be acquired, by gift and by purchase, for the churches that are to be all along the lines of our advancing population. To have such lands ready for the church, is very often a pre-emption of the church itself. But we have no other agency for that. Then there are church edifices and grounds that, in this new State, with its shifting population, are likely to be left to neglect, by the lapsing of the church organization. We have no other agency to guard such properties against waste and the danger of absolute loss. And there are struggling churches that by a little lift at the beginning or in the midst of their efforts at church erection would be encouraged scarcely less than by the Congregational Union's generous lift at the finish. We have no other effective agency for that.

Then there are subsidiary appliances, that, in the course of our Congregational growth, come to be essential to our highest efficiency, for which our polity makes no special provision. Chief among these for the Pacific Coast, is a Congregational House. Such a local habitation for our denominational work is an immediate and urgent necessity, if we are to bring and keep our polity and principles at their best. We need it—

1. As a visible expression to this California community of the power and purpose of our Congregational Christianity. It is a community that knows little of any spiritual agency, further than it sees it embodied in some outward symbol.

2. As an earnest of our own faith in our principles, and of our purpose to commend them to the people by a more aggressive policy.

3. As a center for our denominational work, for our Secretaries, our permanent Committees, our Provisional Committees, our Woman's Boards, our State Home Missionary Society, our Chinese Mission work, our Congregational Club that is, and our larger and more effective club that is to be.

4. As a depository for a Congregational literature, for want of which our people, and especially our Sabbath-schools, are instructed in the literature of almost every other denomination but their own.

5. As a publishing house through which to provide a home literature.

6. As a place for the beginning of a Congregational library for the Pacific Coast.

7. As a gathering place for all the Congregationalists of the State, as they come and go, where they may meet each other, and find welcome, and shelter, and rest, and learn what is being done among the churches, and get new inspiration, and take fresh courage for the work.

8. As the best means of perpetuating and promoting the general work of the Congregational Associates themselves. We (the Associates) shall make little impression upon our own people as to our purpose and power to do those first things for which we are organized, until we have a place in which to stand, and from which to work, and by which to show the nature and the scope of our intent. Now, as ever, the people want a sign. And now, as ever, we must have a leverage. A denomination needs a house for its general work as surely and as urgently as a church needs a house for its local work. Everything will lie around loose until we have it. Give us a house, and the churches will have faith in us that we mean business. Give us a house, and moneyed men will say: "That means permanency, and offers security for our benefactions." Give us a house, and we ourselves shall plan more boldly, and work more heartily and effectively. Give us a house, and every Congregational church on the Pacific Coast will take new courage, and be stirred to a more determined purpose to go up and possess the land for Christ.

Now, for all this work, which is in the interest of every foot-breadth of the commonwealth, the "Congregational Associates" ask the sympathy and the

practical co-operation of all our churches, small and great, near and remote. To this end they ask—

First, that every pastor in the State will consider himself charged with the responsibility of urging the needs and the claims of this work upon his people, and of securing memberships among them.

Secondly, that the General Association reaffirm its conviction of the need and the practical wisdom of this work, and especially that it give emphatic utterance as to the need of a Congregational house for our denominational work. All of which is respectfully submitted on behalf of the "Congregational Associates." E. G. BECKWITH, Committee.

Y. M. C. A.

The educational and other secular work of the Y. M. C. A. was opened last week under very favorable auspices. The building was filled with young people every evening, until it presented the appearance of a very animated bee-hive. At the last business meeting seventy-seven new members were voted in, and during the three last days of the week sixty more joined the institution.

The religious work is in a very excellent condition and scarcely a week passes without some young men turning their faces toward eternal life. A Bible class has been started at 9:30 o'clock on Sunday morning, for the benefit of the young men who attend the calisthenic classes.

Now is the time for young men to join the Association, as it offers more advantages than ever before. The scientific course of lectures is worth far more than the membership ticket, which costs but five dollars per year. This course will open Thursday evening, Nov 13th, with a lecture by Prof. Joseph Le Conte, of the State University. Subject: "The Influence of Darwinism on Philosophy and Religion." All our readers who desire to hear this gentleman, and to take advantage of the other privileges of the institution, should secure a membership ticket at once, at the office of the Association.

An interesting entertainment was given last Saturday afternoon at the Association building by "The Boys' Improvement Society."

Within the last year the women of the United States have given the magnificent sum of \$600,000 for the spread of the gospel for heathen lands. Of this amount the Presbyterians gave nearly \$200,000, the Baptists \$156,000, the Congregationalists \$130,000, the northern Methodists \$108,000, and the women of the Methodist Church, South, \$25,110.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 1312 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. Cole, 572 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Foreign Secretary and Editor of "Column," Hopkins Academy, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. J. H. Warner, 1326 Eddy St., San Francisco, and Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, Redwood City, Home Secretaries.

Report of the Foreign Secretary, as Read at Santa Cruz.

[Published by request.]

TURKEY.

In looking back over the ten years' history of our Board just concluded, I find my own official connection with it began in 1879. Since then, it has been my pleasure to carry on a regular correspondence with our special missionaries. At first, I wrote one letter each month to Miss Rappleye, Mrs. Watkins and Miss Starkweather. Most of these letters have been read at our meetings, or published in our column. How we remember the feelings with which we contemplated Miss Rappleye's graphic word pictures of her wretched Moslem walls of our new building, finished and complete, of the scenes at its dedication, the impressive exercises, the unusual Christmas tree, and the more unusual elephant brought in later to amuse the children by his antics. But the cheer and encouragement were of deeper significance than appeared to the visitors present. Miss Rappleye expresses with much earnestness the anticipations of great good which she is sure it will bring to the whole region round about, and the history of succeeding years has confirmed her prophecies. Many of her former pupils are now busy in the Master's service in homes and schools far removed, geographically, from Broussa, but feeling the influence of the same animating spirit of Christian love and good will to all.

Our beautiful Broussa Home is still doing faithful work. Our representative there, Mrs. Baldwin, seems like an old friend, and a very lovable one too, though we've not known her many months, and that only by letter.

There are 40 pupils—20 boarders and as many more scholars. Instruction in the school is given in four languages—Greek, Armenian, Turkish and English—to suit representatives of the various nationalities who apply. Mrs. Baldwin

writes: "The harmony that prevails in every department is very noticeable, and particularly pleasing to me. Even outsiders speak of the love and forbearance which the girls show toward each other. There is much zeal for study; the day pupils sometimes having been seen quietly sitting in the school-room while our family boarding pupils and teachers were eating their seven o'clock breakfast. The girls do all the work about the house, even the cooking, which is directed by two of the older girls, in turn, week about, in ways which shall make them good teachers, good wives and good mothers."

"One of our new girls, writing to her mother last week, expressed herself as follows: 'Although I did so much want to come to school, I was not prepared for anything so nice. We do everything by system, and we see as never before, the value of time. We rise in the morning by the clock; we go to bed at night by the clock; we work and study by the clock; we sing and play by the clock; we pray by the clock. When we sing together the songs our teachers have taught us, I feel just as if I was in heaven.'"

Mrs. Baldwin has recently written of deep religious interest among the girls. "Some of their experiences have been very bright and happy. One said, 'I am going to write to my mother that I am a different girl. I am not the girl she knew.' Another said, 'she knew she was a Christian, because she had some love in her heart.' Our last letter from Mrs. Baldwin is of unusual interest, and gives an account of the breaking up of the school for vacation. She writes: 'Before our family of girls separated they asked the privilege of having a prayer-meeting together, and when I went to bid them good night, there was a look on their faces and a light in their eyes that spoke of faith and hope, of love and peace.'

"God has come very near to us this year and many of our girls have learned to know him as their best friend. We have much that is sweet to remember of his work with us this winter, and pray that he will help us to watch and guide with wisdom those whom he has chosen to be his own, and given into our keeping."

Mrs. Newell, recently arrived, in giving her first impressions of the school writes, "Already I love the girls dearly. There is about them a refinement of manner which would become any society in the land. Three of the scholars of last year have entered upon the practical work of teaching. They are all Christians and give promise to great usefulness. I wish the women at home who have done so much for Broussa could know all these girls." Mrs. Newell spent the first part of the summer vacation at Demirdere, in a family in which two of the daughters were formerly her pupils at the Broussa schools. She writes to Mrs. Baldwin, "I see many things which reflect credit on the Broussa school. As I notice the higher thinking of Athena and Erasmus, also their ways of spending the time so different from those of the unchristianized Turkish girls here. I find it a plain illustration of what Christian civilization has done, and it makes a never-to-be-forgotten impression upon me."

The Broussa school was to reopen Oct. 2nd, so we can think of our Turkish girls as once more surrounded by loving Christian influences, and can be encouraged by the thought that—

"On the banks of the ancient Euphrates,
Where woman fell under God's power,
Armenia's daughters are coming,
Their king and Redeemer to crown."

MEXICO.

For three years we received delightful letters from Mrs. Watkins, who was then sustained by our Board. Greatly interested in her work, she labored fruitfully for the women and children of Guadalajara. In 1881 her connection with our Board ceased, and her work is now sustained as an independent mission by friends in California and elsewhere. We cheerfully recognize her abundant labors in the past, and hope she will have great success in the future in winning souls to Christ.

AFRICA.

Mrs. Goodenough, to whose support we have contributed the past year, is busily engaged in showing the Zulus of Africa the strength and beauty of a Christian home. In the meantime she is becoming acquainted with their manners, customs and language, so that later she can engage in direct missionary work. We have had one very interesting introductory letter from Mrs. Goodenough, which was published in our column, and also in the August Life and Light.

JAPAN.

Ever since the time when Oriental Japan was astonished by Occidental ships, much interest has been felt in the country by all Christian nations as it is seen gradually waking up from its long dream of two thousand years. Our work, as a Board, has been done there by Miss Starkweather, in the Kioto School for girls. I have here a prospectus of the school in Japanese, containing also a fine picture of the building. It speaks of the Faculty, of the courses of study, and of some of the rules and regulations. I quote from a translation of it made by one of the pupils in our academy:

FACULTY.—Principal, Joseph Neesima; Foreign Teachers, Miss Alice J. Starkweather, Miss H. F. Parmelee; Japanese Teachers, T. Migagawa, E. Kato; Secretary, Mrs. Saku Yamamoto; Teacher of Sewing, Mrs. Ki Shi Kata Oka.

There are three courses of study taught. A preparatory course—all in Japanese—consisting chiefly of the three R's, with a little geography and history thrown in. A regular course of three years in Japanese; also a regular course of four years in English. There are but few pupils in the English course, as it is stated that "those for whom there is not much hope of long study should be chiefly taught in Japanese." It is also stated that "instruction will be given in all the important and necessary things for girls, such as sewing, cooking, etiquette, drawing and singing."

"We furnish a most accomplished house-keeper, so that all things shall be thoroughly managed, and in good order, that the girls shall meet no trouble of any kind. Our school stands in a place nice and broad, in Imadegawadoori, 10th Division, Upper Kito ward, Kito City. There is a broad garden in front of the school building, which is a fine place for study, as it is quiet and clean, with pure air, and distant from the thickly populated and busy parts of the city. We hope that parents from abroad will apply to us for their daughters' admission."

A daily Bible class is taught, and prayer-meetings are held regularly. These girls have much freedom and fluency in public prayer. Miss Starkweather has written us letters nearly every month for the past eight years, which have been a great stimulus in our work, and which must have required special effort on her part. She writes that the ambition of her girls is readily aroused in their studies, and in the letter of the Scriptures, and that she is sure their consciences are being strengthened and Christian character formed. About ninety-five girls have been in the Kioto school from the beginning, quite a number of whom have completed their full Japanese course. On their programme of graduating exercises for June 25, 1880, were given the following subjects for the four senior essays: "Influence of Christianity," "True Freedom," "Education," "Virtue and Knowledge." Miss Starkweather writes: "Pray that every girl may get the true and deep Christian spirit, and feel the necessity of laying every talent in willing tribute at his feet." Private letters recently received from some of the Japanese girls have interested us very much in the lovely Christian character therein displayed. One writes "We see great happiness in taking Christ the true religion; it is as simple as seeing our faces when we stand before the looking-glass. And it is no more a mistake than that the carpenter must use his measure when he builds a house." They have suffered, too, these dark-haired sisters of ours. One of the day pupils also attended a Japanese sewing-school, where she endured much insult from both the scholars and the teacher, who finally compelled her to leave, saying "she would pollute the place." Another of our girls, after persecution, writes: "We do not fear what ever they do, for the Master of all the universe is our defence and helper."

In a letter written some time since, Miss Starkweather gives an account of the marriage of one of her girls, to Mr. Ise, pastor of the Imabari church. During this last month it has been my pleasure to receive a most interesting letter from Mrs. Ise, in which she speaks of her work for Christ and her joy in it. That she and her husband are earnest workers is evidenced by what she writes of the growth of their little church from six to one hundred and forty-one persons, in the last four years. Miss Starkweather writes: "She has proved an efficient pastor's wife, and is developing a more and more lovely Christian character."

Such are some of the indirect fruits of our work in the Kioto school. Since Miss Starkweather's return to this country, on account of sickness, delightful revival news has been received from the Kioto school. The harvest is being gathered in after so much faithful seed-sowing. Miss Davis writes to Miss Starkweather: "We are on the threshold of a glorious revival—a second Pentecost. It would rejoice your heart to hear the confessions and see the change in the school. We cannot doubt that the Holy Spirit is in our midst. In their prayers the girls confess to having often disobeyed their teachers, and ask God's forgiveness, with much weeping. They break down completely, and their words are choked with sobs. Nine have asked for baptism. There are others in the school who are earnestly seeking salvation. The lips of former Christian girls are unsealed. There is no longer any need to urge them to talk about Christianity. They no longer put their faces into their sleeves and laugh, but tears fill their eyes, and they listen gladly, and speak of their difficulties. My heart is full of praise and thanksgiving." Miss Starkweather writes from her home in Illinois of her great joy in the news, and we, too, have great reason to rejoice that the interest, prayers and funds we invested in our Kioto school have helped to bring forth such precious fruit.

A Heart Prayer.

(PS. CIX: 21.)

"Do thou for me," oh! my God,
All things from day to day,
That I may know the perfect peace
Of trusting thee always.

"Do thou for me," thou alone
Canst understand my need.
I know not what is right; I am
Content that thou shouldst lead.

"Do thou for me," just the task
That seems too great for me.
The things that will perplex me so
Art not too hard for thee.

"Do thou for me," thou hast said
Thou wilt be glorified
By me, whom thou hast made thy child,
If I in thee abide.

But "do thou for me," I am weak,
I cannot keep thy laws.
Dear Lord, by thine almighty power,
"Perform for me my cause."

"Do thou for me," oh! the rest—
The joy that knows no end,
That Jesus gives to those who trust,
Who on his strength depend.

"Do thou for me," till at last
The longed-for call shall come,
And thou shalt bring me to myself,
My Saviour and my home.

WILLIS WINCHESTER.

Brooklyn, Cal., July 23d.

Luther's Four-Hundredth Birth-day

We give below some facts which may be useful to those who wish to celebrate Luther's birth-day, as is suggested by the Evangelical Alliance, on Sunday Nov. 11th. The points of interest are his journey to Rome, the nailing up of the ninety-five theses, his burning of the Pope's bull, his speech before the Diet at Worms, and his marriage, and the translation of the Bible.

The study of the Word of God, and the powerful impression made upon Luther's mind by the phrase, "Righteousness of God," and the prophetic precept quoted by Paul, Rom. i. 17, "The just shall live by faith," led him and saved him at last.

What a spectacle was that of Luther climbing Pilate's stairway at Rome on his knees, but at last springing to his feet and saying: "The just shall live by faith!"

What a picture is that of Luther standing alone, or only with God, in the midst of the august assemblage at Worms and saying: "Here I stand, I cannot say otherwise, God help me. Amen! *Lutell's Living Age* gives J. A. Froude's estimate of Luther.

Luther's married life was exceedingly happy. Froude says:

The peace of Nuremberg seemed an admission that no further efforts would be made to crush the Reformation by violence, and Luther was left to a peaceful, industrious life in his quiet home at Wittenberg. A very beautiful home it was. If Luther's marriage was a scandal, it was a scandal that was singularly happy in its consequences. The house in which he lived, as has been already said, was the old cloister to which he had first been brought from Erfurt. It was a pleasant, roomy building on the banks of the Elbe, and close to the town wall. His wife and he when they married were both penniless, but his salary as professor was raised to three hundred gulden, and some small payments in kind were added from the University. The elector sent him presents. Denmark, the free towns, great men from all parts of Europe, paid honor to the deliverer of Germany with offerings of plate or money. The money, even the plate, too, he gave away, for he was profusely generous; and any fugitive nun or brother suffering from the faith never appeared in vain while Luther had a krentzer. But in his later years his own modest wants were more than amply supplied. He bought a farm, with a house upon it, where his family lived after his death. Katie, as he called his wife, managed everything; she attended to the farm, she kept many pigs, and doubtless poultry also. She had a fishpond. She brewed beer. She had a strong ruling, administering talent. She was as great in her way as her husband was in his.

"Next to God's Word," he said, "the world has no more precious treasure than holy matrimony. God's best gift is a pious, cheerful, God-fearing, home-keeping wife, to whom you can trust your goods, and body, and life. There are couples who neither care for their families, nor love each other. People like these are not human beings. They make their homes a hell."

The household was considerable. Five children were born in all. Hans, the eldest, to whom the letter from Erfurt was written, died early. Elizabeth, the next daughter, died also very young. There were three others; Magdalen, Martin and Paul. * * * To his children he was passionately devoted. He had no sentimental weakness; but the simple light-heartedness, the unquestioning confidence and trustfulness of children, was in itself peculiarly charming to him. Life when they came to maturity would bring its own sorrows with it. A few bright and happy years to look back upon would be something which could not afterwards be taken away. He refused boys and girls no kind of innocent enjoyment, and in all the anecdotes of his relations with them, there is an exquisite tenderness and playfulness. His Katie he was not above teasing and occasionally mocking. She was a Martha more than a Mary, always busy, always managing and directing with an eye to business.

We have seen him hitherto as a spiritual athlete. We have catch a glimpse of him in a softer character. His eldest boy, Hans, had been born four years before. From Coburg he wrote him perhaps the prettiest letter ever addressed by a father to a child:—

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little boy. I am pleased to see that thou learnest thy lessons well and prayest well. Go on thus, my dear boy, and

when I come home I will bring you a fine "fairing." I know of a pretty garden, where are merry children that have gold frocks, and gather nice apples and plums and cherries under the trees, and sing and dance, and ride on pretty horses with gold bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man of the place whose the garden was, and who the children were. He said, "These are the children who pray and learn and are good." Then I answered, "I also have a son who is called Hans Luther. May he come to this garden and eat pears and apples and ride a little horse and play with the others?" The man said, "If he say his prayers, and learns, and is good, he may come; and Lippus and Jost may come, and they shall have pipes and drums and lutes and fiddles, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows." Then he showed me a smooth lawn in the garden laid out for dancing, and there the pipes and drums and crossbows hung. But it was still early and the children had not dined; and I could not wait for the dance. So I said, "Dear Sir, I will go straight home and write all this to my little boy; but he has a Aunt Lene, and he must bring with him." And the man answered, "So it shall be; go and write as you say." Therefore, dear little boy, learn and pray with a good heart, and tell Lippus and Jost to do the same, and then you will all come to the garden together. Almighty God guard you. Give my love to Aunt Lene, and give her a kiss for me. Your loving father, MARTIN LUTHER.

* * * * *

He was sitting one night late out of doors. A bird flew into a tree to roost. "That bird," he said, "has had its supper, and leave God to care for him. If Adam's fall had not spoiled us, we should have no care either. We should have lived without pain, in possession of all kinds of knowledge, and have passed from time into eternity without feeling of death." The old question was asked why God made man at all if he knew that he would fall? Luther answered, that a great lord must have vessels of dishonor in his house as well as vessels of honor. There were fellows who thought when they had heard a sermon or two, that they knew everything, and had swallowed the Holy Ghost feathers and all. Such wretches had no right to criticize the actions of God. Man cannot measure the structures of God's building, he sees only the scaffolding. In the next life he will see it all; and then happy those who have resisted temptation.

Little Martin had been busy dressing a doll.

In Paradise (Luther said) we shall be as simple as this child who talks of God and has no doubts to trouble him. Natural merriment is the best food for children, and they are themselves the best playthings. They speak and act from the heart. They believe in God without disputing, and another life beyond the present. They have small intellect, but they have faith, and are wiser than old fools like us. They think as a place where there will be eating and dancing and rivers running with milk. Happy they! for they have no earthly cares, or fears of death or hell. They have only pure thoughts and bright dreams. Abraham must have had a bad time when he was told to kill Isaac. If he had given me such an order, I should have disputed the point with him.

Luther hated lies as heartily as the elector. "Lies," he said, "are always crooked like a snake, which is never straight whether still or moving—never till it is dead, then it hangs out straight enough." But he was against violence, even to destroy falsehood. "Popery," he said, "can never be destroyed by the sword, nor sustained by the sword; it is built on lies, and it stands on lies, and can only be overthrown by truth. I like not those who go hotly to work. It is written, preach and I will give thee power. We forget the preaching, and would fly to force alone."

He much admired soldiers, especially if besides winning battles they knew how to rule afterwards, like Augustus and Julius Caesar.

When a country has a good prince over it, all goes well. Without a good prince things go backwards like a crab, and counselors, however many, will not mend them. A great soldier is the man; he has not many words; but when he does speak, he acts also. A real hero does not go about his work with vain imaginations. He is moved by God Almighty, and does what he undertakes to do. So Alexander conquered Persia, and Julius Caesar established the Roman Empire. The book of Judges shows what God can do by a single man, and what happens when God does not provide a man. Certain ages seem more fruitful in great men than in others. When I was a boy they were many. The Emperor Maximilian in Germany, Sigismund in Poland, Ladislaus in Hungary, Ferdinand, Emperor Charles's grandfather in Spain—pious, wise, noble princes. There were good bishops too, who would have been with us had they been alive now. There was a bishop of Wurzburg who used to say, when he saw a rogue, "To the cloister with you. Thou art useless to God or man." He meant that in the cloister were only hogs and gluttons, who did nothing but eat, and drink, and sleep, and were no more profit than as many rats.

The secret of Luther's power was his simplicity, trust in God, and his firm belief that God would help him. His troubles grew out of the want of true piety among his countrymen, and the approach of war which every wise man could foresee.

The events immediately preceding the Council of Trent (1545) were exceedingly discouraging to Luther. He saw that his native land was menaced by war.

The Elector of Saxony was in perfect harmony with the great reformer, and believed that snares and pitfalls were being prepared by the Emperor, Charles V, and the people, to entrap and destroy Protestantism. "Negotiations for peace and preparations for war" were carried forward by the high contracting parties. Luther disliked these evident tokens of coming violence, and saw with great grief persecutions already set on foot against his friends. There was very little hope left of a peaceful solution of pending controversies.

Froude says: In the midst of these prospects Luther reached his last birthday. He was tired and sick at heart, and sick in body. In the summer of 1545 he had wished to retire to his farm, but Wittenberg could not spare him, and he continued regularly to preach. His sight began to fail. In January, 1546, he wrote a letter to a friend, calling himself "old, spent, worn, weary, cold, and but one eye to see with." On the 28th of that month, he undertook a journey to Eisleben, where he had been born, to compose a difference between the Counts Mansfeldt. He caught a chill on the road, but he seemed to shake it off, and was able to attend to business. He had fallen into the hands of lawyers, and the affair went on but slowly. On the 14th of February he preached, and, as it turned out, for the last time, in Eisleben church. An issue in the leg, artificially kept open to relieve his system, had been allowed to heal for the want of proper attendance. He was weak and exhausted after the sermon. He felt the end near, and wished to be with his family again. "I will get home," he said, "and get into my coffin, and give the worms a fat doctor."

But wife and home he was never to see again, and he was to pass from off the earth at the very same spot where his eyes were first opened to the light. On the 17th he had a sharp pain in his chest. It went off, however; he was at supper in the public room, and talked with his usual energy. He retired, went to bed, slept, woke, prayed, slept again; then at midnight called his servant. "I feel strangely," he said. "I shall stay here. I shall never leave Eisleben." He grew restless, rose, moved into an adjoining room, and lay upon a sofa. His two sons were with him, with his friend Jonas. "It is death," he said; "I am going. Father, into thy hands, I commend my spirit."

Jonas asked him if he would still stand by Christ, and the doctrine which he had preached. He said "Yes." He slept once more, breathing quietly, but his feet grew cold. Between two and three in the morning he died.

The body lay in state for a day; a likeness was taken of him before the features changed. A cast from the face was taken afterwards; the athlete expression gone, the essential nature of him—grave, tender, majestic—taking the place of it, as his own disturbed life appears now when it is calmed down into a memory. The elector, John Frederick, hurried to see him; the Counts Mansfeldt ended beside his body the controversies which he had come to compose. On the 20th he was set on a car to be carried back to Wittenberg, with an armed escort of cavalry. The people of Eisleben attended him to the gates. The church bells tolled in the villages along the road. Two days later he reached his last resting place at Wittenberg. Melancthon cried after him as they laid him in the grave: "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof!"

His will, which is extremely characteristic, had been drawn by himself four years before. He left his wife well provided for, and because legal proceedings might be raised upon his marriage, he committed her to the special protection of the elector. Children, friends, servants, were all remembered.

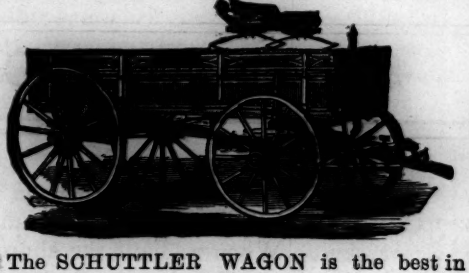
"Feeble knees!" How many professed Christians do these words of the prophet represent! Feeble-kneed Christians! Weak, unreliable, unable to be on duty, vacillating, untrue, trimming between good and the bad, the Church and the world, ready to desert the post of duty for popular favor. Alas! how many of this class do we find everywhere! What a trial and burden to the Church! How they misrepresent Christianity to the world! How they hinder the progress of every good cause! When they are needed most to bear burdens, to aid in any important Christian enterprise, to engage in any movement for the spiritual improvement of the people, they are not available. When true principle and unflinching purpose are demanded to sustain the Redeemer's cause, they are too feeble-kneed to be of any service. They are a standing grief or sorrow to the faithful, earnest servants of the Lord. How earnestly should we offer the prayer of the prophet, "Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees!"—[Zion's Herald.]

A perfect Christian can grieve the Holy Spirit of God: 1. By such conversation as is not profitable, not to the use of edifying, not apt to minister grace to the hearer. 2. By relapsing into bitterness or want of kindness. 3. By wrath, lasting displeasure, or want of tender-heartedness. 4. By anger, however soon over; want of instantly forgiving one another. 5. By clamor, or brawling, loud, harsh, rough-speaking. 6. By evil speaking, whispering, tale-bearing, needlessly mentioning the fault of an absent person, though in ever so soft a manner.—[John Wesley.]

The first article in the current number of the London *Quarterly Review* is devoted to James Clerk Maxwell, and the sixth to John Fletcher. Maxwell said: "I have looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen none will work without a God." Indeed, this is the sum and centre of all true philosophy.

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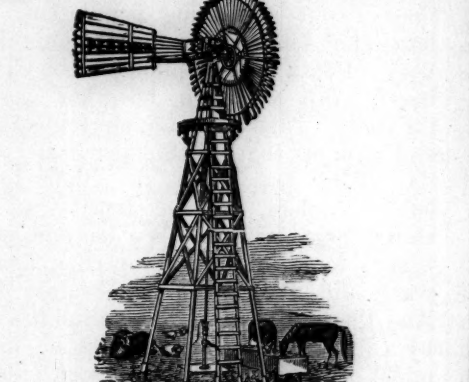


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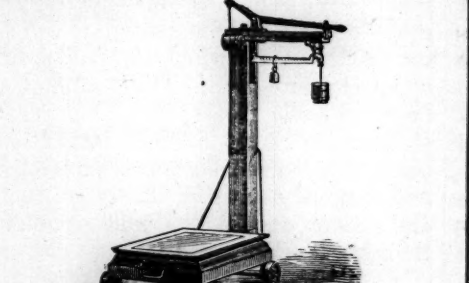
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At My Mother's Grave.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest;
The stars shining gloriously—and all
Save me, is blest.

Mother—I love thy grave!
The violet, with the blossom blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower—Yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow,
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark bitter stream;
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear
With bitter tears?

Aye—must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely ere,
Went down with thee?

Off from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come—while here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child!
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

New York and China.

A little girl named Mary stood at the
study table this morning looking over
the map of Asia.

"Where is China, anyhow?" she asked
me at last.

"Never heard of it," I answered. Then
a pair of astonished eyes were raised to
look at me.

"Why, auntie, you don't mean you
never heard of China?"

"Oh, certainly not. I understood you
to ask a question about 'China anyhow.'
This is the place I never heard of."

Then Mary laughed. "I've found it,"
she said presently. "Dear me, what a lit-
tle bit of a yellow corner it is! I
shouldn't think many people live there."

"How many people do live there?" I
asked her.

"I don't know. A good many. Rob
Burton said more than lived in New York
City; but I don't believe it, do you, an-
nie?" They couldn't get into this little
yellow spot.

"Rob Burton is very wise," I said
laughing. "Why, Mamie, China has
people enough in it to make three hun-
dred cities the size of New York."

"The eyes opened wider. "Are you
joking, Aunt Alice?" she asked me.

"Not a bit. Don't you know that New
York has only about thirteen hundred
thousand people in it, and in China there
are about four hundred millions?"

"I can't think of such a large number,"
said Mamie gravely; "and I don't won-
der, do you?"

Well, this set me to thinking about
the Chinese, with their queer language,
and their queer ways of eating and sleep-
ing, and their queer dress, and their
queer feet, and oh, so many queer things
—above all, perhaps, of their strange,
sad notions about religion. I heard a
Chinaman the other day telling the story
of his home life.

"What did you think at that time about
our religion?" a man asked him. And he
answered with a grave shake of the head,
"Oh, we never heard one thing about
your Jesus at that time." How shall
they hear without a preacher?"

"Mamie," I said to the little girl, "sup-
pose that your father should conclude
that you were not worth bringing up,
and should bring a tub of water, and put
you in it, and hold your head downward
until you were drowned."

"Aunt Alice," she said in a voice of
horror, "how can you say such dreadful
things?"

"I was thinking that if you had been
born in China that might have been your
fate."

"Do they do such things?"

"Yes, indeed; they don't think little
girls worth raising. I heard a mission-
ary tell of the poor woman who drowned
six little girls—all her own! When
she came to hear about Jesus and give
her heart to him the tears streamed
down her cheeks one day, and she cried,
'Oh it seems to me I can hear my babies
crying, as they did before I drowned
them! If I had heard about your Jesus
before, I might have saved my babies.'
Poor mother! I shouldn't wonder if I
all the poor mothers know about our Je-
sus?"

"I can't be a missionary," said Mamie.
"You can't? I wonder why? What
is a missionary, but one who goes on an
errand? Do you mean to say you can-
not do any errands for Jesus?"

"Not in China, Auntie."

"I don't see why. Don't you know
the South-street Sabbath-school is sup-
porting a little girl in China who is
earning about one cent every day? Don't
your pennies go there every Sab-
bath when you don't forget them? And
don't those very pennies help to keep
the little girl in school?"

"I'll remember my pennies after this,"
said little Mamie thoughtfully. Then I
was glad.—The Pansy.

There are times when God asks nothing
of his children except silence, pa-
tience, and tears. He lets them go aside,
away from interruption, in order to weep
till nature is relieved of the heaviest bur-
den; then he gives "a season of clear
shining that cometh after rain."

William L. Calhoun, who has been
passing the summer at Tallulah Falls,
Georgia, wears the watch, fob-chain,
and ring of his grandfather, the South
English style, and on it is the following
inscription: "John Caldwell Calhoun.
Born in South Carolina, March 18, 1772,
and died in Washington, D. C., March
31, 1850."

Filial Devotion of a Bird.

We have a saying that charity begins
at home, and it has been added that a
great deal of the charity that begins at
home stays there. Of this narrow sort
of benevolence, too, we find examples
among the animals. There is the barbet,
for instance. It is a solitary bird, and
sits most of the time in morose silence on
a twig, waiting for its food (in the shape
of an insect) to fly by. Sometimes it is
said to rouse itself and make a descent
upon the nest of some smaller bird, and
eat all the little ones.

Certainly, one would not look for any
sort of benevolence from such a bird;
and yet it offers a very striking and beau-
tiful example of the beginning-at-home-
and-stay-there kind.

The celebrated naturalist, Levaillant,
who has told us so many interesting
things about the birds of Africa and
South America, says that he discovered a
barbet's nest in which there were five
birds. Four of them were young and
vigorous, but the fifth was so old and
weak that when it was put into a cage
with its comrades it could not move, but
lay dying in the corner where it had been
placed.

When food was put into the cage, the
poor old bird could only look at it long-
ingly, without having the strength to
drag itself within reach of it. Then it
was that the younger birds manifested a
singular spirit of kindness. Quickly,
and even with an air of tenderness, as it
seems, they carried food to the decrepit
old bird, and fed it as if it had been only
a fledgling. Struck by this spectacle the
naturalist examined the nest from which
the birds had been taken, and found it
full of husks and the remains of insects,
showing plainly that the old bird must
have been maintained a long time by
its vigorous companions, which prob-
ably were its own offspring. Further
study of other birds of the same species
convinced the naturalist that it was the
custom for the old and infirm birds to be
cared for by the young and strong.

There are several different species of
barbets found in Africa and South Amer-
ica, and though not graceful in shape,
many of them are exceedingly beautiful
in plumage. They get their name of
barbet from the French word *barbe*, mean-
ing beard, because they have tufts of
stiff hair at the base of the bill. Natural-
ists place them in a genus called *Bucco*,
and some persons call them puff-birds,
because they have an odd way of puffing
out the feathers all over the body, which
then looks more like a bale of feathers
than a bird.—[St Nicholas for November.

Bless his Dear Heart.

In a very elegant palace car entered a
weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman with
three little children—one a baby in her
arms. A look of joy crept into her face
as she sat down into one of the luxurious
chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she
was asked rudely to "start her boot."
A smile of amusement was seen on several
faces as the frightened group hurried out
to one of the common cars. Upon one
young face, however, there was a look
which shamed the countenance of the
others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside
him, "I am going to carry my basket of
fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor
woman in the next car. You are willing,
of course?"

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need
them yourself, and perhaps the woman is
an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered
decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You
know I had a hearty breakfast and don't
need a lunch. The woman looked hungry,
auntie, and so tired, too, with three little
babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a
minute, auntie; I know mother wouldn't
like it if I didn't speak a kind word to
the least of these when I met them."

The worldly auntie brushed a tear from
her eye after the boy left her, and said,
audibly:

"Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady
passed the mother and the three children,
she saw a pretty sight—the family feast-
ing as perhaps they never had done be-
fore; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly
eaten, the fruit basket stood open. The
eldest child, with her mouth filled with
bread and butter, said:

"Was the pretty boy an angel,
mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, and a
grateful look brightened her faded eyes;
"but he is doing an angel's work, bless
his dear heart!"

And we, too, said, "Bless his dear
heart!"—[Peoria Call.

HEROISM AT HOME.—How useless
our lives seem to us sometimes! How
we long for an opportunity to perform
some great action! We become tired
of the routine of home life, and imagine
we would be far happier in other scenes.
We think of the life's great battle field,
and we wish to be heroes. We think of
good we might do if our lot had been
cast in different scenes. We forget that
the world bestows no such titles as noble
as father, mother, sister or brother. In
the sacred precincts of home we have
many chances of heroism. The daily
acts of self denial for the good of a lov-
ed one, the gentle words of soothing for
another's troubles, the care for the sick,
may all seem as nothing; yet who can
tell the good they accomplish? Our
lightest word may have an influence
over another for good or evil. We are
daily sowing the seed which will bring
forth some sort of harvest. Well it will
be for us if the harvest will be one we
will be proud to gather. If some one in
that dear home can look back in after
years, and, as he tenderly utters our
name, say: "Her words and example
prepared me for a life of usefulness; to
her I owe my happiness," we may well
say, I have not lived in vain.—[Chris-
tian at Work.

The loyalty of the heart consisteth in
a universal purpose of obedience and re-
solution against all sin, without reserva-
tion and expectation; for how can he be a
faithful servant who still holdeth corres-
pondence, and is a prisoner to his arch
enemy, the devil? God will have a
whole heart, or none.—[Medec.

A Bit of Comparative Philology.

One item more of advice, and we have
done. Begin now watchfully to note the
obvious derivations of English words
from Latin, that you have been all your
life in the habit of passing over without
heed. You can make your own native
language half subvert the purpose of a
lexicon to ordinary Latin prose. For
your help in doing this, consult your
English lexicon, in which you have given,
along with its definitions, the etymologi-
es of the words defined. Very interest-
ing it will be to you, very instructive
as well, to take some particular selected
word, and, tracing it from one language
to another, see, with what changes of
form suffered in several different lan-
guages, that word may nevertheless re-
main substantially and recognizably the
same. To illustrate, the English word
heart, you probably never thought of as
the same with the Latin word *cor*,
although to be *cordial* and to be *heart*
would in your mouth be equivalent ex-
pressions. But observe, when you say
"heart," you can breathe the *h* sound as
hard and as guttural as you please.
Breathing it very roughly, somewhat as
if you were clearing your throat, you
make *h* almost like a *k* rather softly
uttered. Broaden the vowel sound *a*,
and you approximate the sound *o*. Now
leave off the *f* final, and you are speak-
ing tolerable Latin, when, with these
changes, you say *heart*. The Greek
equivalent word is *kardia*, the German
word is *herte*, the Sanskrit word is *hrid*
—all closely related, one to another.
The parent word is the Sanskrit, as the
Sanskrit is the parent language. Through
some such simple illustration as this,
one comes to conceive more vividly what
philologists mean by their talk of Indo-
European languages, that is, languages
originated in India, where Sanskrit used
to be spoken, and thence spreading over
Europe.—[Wilkinson's "Preparatory
Latin Course in English."

What are You Doing?

Reader, what are you doing to stay the
tide of Intemperance that is sweeping
over our land, and wrecking in its onward
rushing course the fondest hopes of many
a heart, burying beneath its relentless tide
the poor and rich, the ignorant and the
learned, men of genius and influence,
and leaving its wake strewn with deg-
radation and misery, heart-broken wit-
nesses and wailing orphans? Are you sit-
ting with folded hands looking idly on,
and in effect saying, What is that to me?
Ah, it is much to you. It may seem
as nothing to-day, but on the morrow
that tide, rising higher and higher, may
cross the threshold of your home, and
the dearest idol of your heart, swept be-
yond your controlling influence, be
wrecked body and soul. Why then sit
idle? Up and be doing. There is a
great work for you to do. Will you
not commence at once? Oh! that some
voice coming from the heart warmed
and filled with true charity, with pity for
the tempted and fallen, could awaken you
from this lethargy, could rouse you to a
true sense of responsibility, and make
you realize that an all-wise Judge will
call you to an account, and ask what
you did to save your tempted, fallen fel-
low-beings from the terrible curse of In-
temperance.—[National Temperance So-
ciety.

Saving Life by Hanging.—Recently a
woman looking from her back window in
the city of Newburg saw in the house op-
posite a little child hanging from a win-
dow, but kept from falling by a dog who
had caught the child's dress in his teeth.
The mother had left her baby, eighteen
months old, on the floor of the front room
playing with her toys and a little terrier
dog that is its constant companion. The
mother was away just three minutes, but
when she came back and opened the door
her infant's head, arms and shoulders
were hanging beyond the stone sill of
an open window, and near it, with its
feet on a chair, stood the little dog hold-
ing on to the child's dress for dear life.
Her child, unconscious of any danger,
was crouching at some objects in the yard,
while the dog holding on the dress looked
a mute appeal for haste and help. In an
instant she was at her baby's side and the
danger was past. When the dog had been
relieved of his burden he pranced
around the mother and child with a de-
light that was almost frantic.—[Norwich
Advertiser.

CALMNESS.—The celebrated Robert
Hall said: "The most extraordinary
thing about Wesley was that while he
set all in motion he was himself perfectly
calm and phlegmatic. He was the
quiescence of turbulence." Wesley was
not "phlegmatic." He had a warm
heart, an active spirit. He said, "I am
always in haste, though never in a
hurry." He one day remarked to
Clarke, "As I was passing one day
through St. Paul's churchyard I observ-
ed two women standing opposite to each
other, the one speaking and gesticulat-
ing violently, while the other stood per-
fectly still and in silence. Just as I
came up and was about to pass them,
the virago, clenching her first and stamp-
ing her feet at her imperturbable neigh-
bor, exclaiming, 'Speak, wretch, that I
may have something to say!' Adam,
that was a lesson to me. Silence is often
the best answer to abuse."

The engineer of an express train on the
Hudson River Railroad had a pecu-
liar experience with lightning Saturday.
At New Hamburg he encountered a
heavy rain storm, and as he pulled his
head into the cab lightning struck the
track, and for several seconds the fluid
revolved on the driving wheels on both
sides of the engine. At every revolution
the fluid would burst with a crack, send-
ing out a shower of sparks. For over
half an hour he felt a stinging, burning
sensation on the neck.

Loaded to the muzzle: "What is this
man charged with?" asked the
judge. "With whisky, yer honor," re-
plied the sententious policeman.

A western editor, in acknowledging
the gift of a peck of onions from a sub-
scriber, says, "It is such kindnesses as
these that bring tears to our eyes."

Before we can really lift up other
hands, our own must be lifted up by his
good Spirit, and our own feeble knees
must have been confirmed by much bow-
ing at his foot-stool.

Colonel—is nominated for a city office.
"Will he run well?" asked a friend of
the Colonel's old subalterns. "I guess
so," replied the latter; "he used to
when he was in the army."

God's ear is very close to our lips. It
touches them. It is always listening.
Thoughts speak as loudly to it as words,
suffering even louder than words. The
ear of divine attention is never taken
away. We sigh into it even while we
sleep and dream.

"When does a man become a seam-
stress?" "When he hems and haws."
"No." "When he threads his way."
"No." "When he rips and tears."
"No." "Give it up." "Never, if he
can help it."

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is
worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it's
broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you
ask such a question?" "Because I broke
the new rocking horse you gave me this
morning."

The net increase of members in the
Wesleyan Church in England and Wales
and Scotland is now ascertained to be
13,405 with 34,986 on trial. The candidates
for the ministry recommended by the
respective District Meetings number 57.
The deaths of members for the year has
amounted to 5,081.

We all can set our daily deeds to the
music of a grateful heart, and seek to
round our lives into a hymn—the melody
of which will be recognized by all who
come in contact with us, and the power
of which shall not be evanescent, like
the voice of the singer, but perennial,
like the music of the spheres.—[W. M.
Taylor, D. D.

A New York artist, a woman whose
husband and son had both been ruined
by liquor, recently painted a picture for
which Stokes, slayer of Jim Fisk, and
proprietor of the Hoffman House bar-
room, offered her a large sum of money.
On learning, however, that it was to at-
tract drinkers to his saloon, she refused
to make the sale.

The Methodist ministers' salaries in New
York city (including house rent) vary
from \$7,500 to \$500, the average about
\$2,500. Of the fifty-five churches, seven
or eight have a membership of less
than 100, and as many more below 200.
The most numerous membership is a lit-
tle less than 900.

Evidently the Sons of Temperance,
just established in Iowa, intend to take
an active part in the pending campaign.
C. F. Clarkson, Grand Patriarch, and
once the head of the Order in the United
States, is out in a circular this morning,
urging the active spread of the Order.
He says privately that he intends to se-
cure 100,000 Sons of Temperance before
election.—[N. Y. Times.

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Or CHILLS and FEVER.
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justly claims for it a superiority over all rem-
edies ever offered to the public for the SAFE,
CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure
of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, wheth-
er of short or long standing. He refers to the
entire Western and Southern country to bear
him testimony to the truth of the assertion
that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if
the directions are strictly followed and carried
out. In a great many cases a single dose has
been sufficient for a cure, and whole families
have been cured by a single bottle, with a per-
fect restoration of the general health. It is,
however, prudent, and in every case more cer-
tain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller
doses for a week or two after the disease has
been checked, more especially in difficult and
long-standing cases. Usually this medicine
will not require any aid to keep the bowels in
good order. Should the patient, however, re-
quire a cathartic medicine, after having taken
three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose
of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS
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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1883.

New Subscribers.

This is not to our friends who know the value of the paper, but to that large number who would be helped by it, and whom we want to induce to subscribe. To such we say. Send us \$2.50 and we will send you THE PACIFIC to 1st Jan., 1885.

When we, in an age of luxury which well-nigh sates all human desire, read of the hardships, struggles, encounters and death-scapes of such a career as Luther's, we are filled with pity, and half broken with sorrow. We forget how relative a thing sensitiveness to pain is, and how human circumstances may deaden and crush it. The people of Luther's time and land had no idea how badly off they were. They took it for granted that it was all right. No high standards of civilization and wealth were before them. Few were any better off than they; and so, after all, they suffered relatively little. Then, we also forget how good a school for breeding heroes poverty and hardness are. Human spirits need shaking. Grand natures are developed by tragedy. The clear sun of prosperity is too warm for the sturdiest trees. The long nights, the bracing frosts, the wrenching storms of winter, give them root, might and main. They face the world, front the peril, and defy the storm. The world itself is saved by tragedy, and so, too, all grandest natures are.

The great Reformer was a scholar and a poet. He was translating the Bible through twelve years of toil and painstaking. He wrote, modified or translated scores of hymns. The motto of the Reformation was, "The just shall live by faith;" the battle cry was, "A mighty fortress is our God"—from one of the Reformer's hymns. And poetry was among the sources of Luther's strength, comfort and inspiration during the times that tried his soul. The poet rides on wings that stir sublimer ethers than do the wings of the wind. He gathers his singing robes about him, and soars away into broadest realms, and among the infinitudes of God. So Luther did; and, for the time, forgot all mortal things. And we need poetry. We are poets as far as we are Christians. In a sense, religion is poetry. Else, why so much "service of song"? We shall be more in the spirit of the Reformation, and become better reformed, just as far as we grow more poetic, find the brighter sides of being, and become more profoundly, because divinely inspired. Let every praying soul learn what wings it has, and strive to plume them for loftier flights, and for the serene airs that float through the paradise of God's redeemed.

How could such a man as Luther carry the load, bear the strain, and stand the storm as his years went by? He could not forever. He wore himself out early, he laid down his chief work, and was rather exhausted, at fifty. Still he lived on and wrought, with some sense of loss, however, till he had reached 63—the "grand climacteric" of naturalists—and then he lay down and died, quietly and satisfied, amid the scenes where he first drew breath. But all along, one sustaining, healing, cheering force he had, which all mental and spiritual hard-workers need—the soul of wit. He could smile, he could laugh, he could be droll, he could be mirthful. He had a fund of humor, a flow of spirits, and a genius for "witty inventions." All this made him how child-like, how simple-hearted, how companionable, and how able to amuse, divert, cheer, please and even thrill himself in times of trial, through dark days, and under mustering squadrons of storm-swept skies. If times come when "he that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh," then, such as trust in Him can afford to do so; yea, and find good in their mirth. Let all such as trust in him be joyful in their God.

The Hon. Henry E. Robinson, a Sacramento pioneer, in 1849, a bachelor, who made his home in this city in the later years, died at the East about three years ago, and bequeathed to the poor of this city \$40,000. Recently the authorities, having got into legal relations to such a bequest, began the administration of it. Of course the \$40,000 is to be a perpetual fund, the interest only to be expended each year for poor relief, which will amount to about \$2,000 a year. It was stated last week that several hundred dollars of the accumulated interest had been put into the hands of Joseph S. Alemany for distribution, but that the administrators declined to place funds in the hands of any other individuals on

principle. Now, why is this? Has this gentleman any more worldly or unworlly wisdom than the other honorable men who were put aside? Why this discrimination and partiality? Is it said that the money was paid to him as the Archbishop? This makes the matter all the worse. Why was not money also put into the hands of Bishop Kip, and into the hands of representative men in other religious bodies? But it was a great mistake to make any ecclesiastical distinctions in the appropriation of such moneys. The poor should have relief without respect to ecclesiastical relations and apart from the meddling of ecclesiastics. We knew Mr. Robinson, and we know that any such proceeding as this would be peculiarly offensive to him—a proceeding which prefers foreign-born poor to American-born poor. The Archbishop should decline to accept funds as an individual, when other men equally competent were put aside as unfit, in their individuality.

This is meteor month. All the grand meteoric showers of the last two centuries, coming about a generation apart, have occurred in November. April and August are likewise meteor months, but not like-prolific. We may not have any wonderful show this year, but we shall have a good show. Already observers have seen the darting of various shooting stars. Twice we have noticed brilliant ones that burst and went out like the flying fragments of explosive rockets, ending in showers of brilliancy. The bright moon is somewhat in the way, but after it sets, diligent watchers on house-tops and where the sweep of the horizon is unobstructed, will be able to count twenty or thirty an hour, more particularly during the hours, next, preceding the break of day. Besides the fixed stars and the regular constellations, how many meteors must Job and David have seen, as they gazed at the starry hosts in grand processions through the skies—noting "the sweet influence of Pleiades and the golden bands of Orion, singing ever in their hearts, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork.'" Let men and women look up—first, to keep the spinal column erect; next, to catch glimpses of the celestial glory; and then, to receive a glint of the light supernal from the face of God's illumining Spirit.

Martin Luther, whose name is written high on the grand arch of fame spanning our world, was born obscure. Narrow and thorny was the path of his poverty. Rough and flinty were the rocks over which the feet of his childhood climbed. Savage and pitiless was the school in which his germs of knowledge started into life. There was no warmth in the atmosphere of his younger years. There was no love in the land. There was no light in the Church. There was no grandeur in the ideals of living. Stiffness and formality, freezing and fuming, moil and toil, dullness and gloom, went their slow rounds through the hovels and haunts of the peasants. Who and what was Luther, that he should come up out of the darkness and drudgery of his land and age, to walk the heights of time? He was originally God-made, if not divinely inspired. Even a hundred brutal whippings at school could not kill the hunger of his heart, or blight the budding of his genius. Then, in his youth, he was remade; God's Spirit fashioned him anew. He burst into glowing life, into all-tinting light. His soul took fire. The angels led him. His hands nailed up the "theses." He stood before kings. He was conceded a hero. He subdued kingdoms. He conquered the ages. He is living still.

The elections yesterday resulted, in Republican victories in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and some other States. We were not expecting so general a sweep. The old Bay State has redeemed herself, and Benjamin F. Butler will not be the next President.

It is reported that Mayor Bartlett has signed the order reducing the license for astrologers, seers and clairvoyants from \$50 to \$25 per quarter.

A very bad thing the Mayor has thus done, for which we are sorry, ashamed, and disappointed. Nothing in his character or his administration thus far would lead us to suppose that he would be disposed at all to favor such miserable classes of citizens. Instead of the license being reduced one half, it should be doubled, or rather, all such humbuggery should be prohibited by law. No good, but an immense amount of harm, is the result of such business, as numerous sad facts abundantly show.

Attention is called to the paper of Dr. Beck with in another column, on "The Work of the Congregational Associates."

Seven were received into the church at Saratoga last Sabbath; six by letter, and one on confession of faith.

Two hundred and seventy-nine miles of streets in this city were swept during October, at an expense of \$9,504.

The Use of Creeds in the Reception of Members into the Church.

[Read before the General Association at Santa Cruz, by Rev. Dr. I. E. Dwinell.]

TO THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION—Mr. President, Brethren and Friends: The committee appointed at the last meeting of the General Association to report "On the Use of Creeds as Related to the Admission of Members, Adults and Children, to Our Churches," by unanimous consent, submit the following paper, prepared by its chairman, as a statement of general principles, which they trust may be accepted as their report.

It is proper to add that the committee, by this action, do not wish to be understood as endorsing all the opinions or reasonings contained in the paper, but they concur in the presentation of the paper as, in the main, acceptable to them, while only the writer is responsible for all the details.

The committee who have given this general endorsement to the paper, consists besides the chairman, of Rev. S. H. Willey, D. D.; Professor Geo. Moor, D. D.; Rev. C. D. Barrows, D. D.; Rev. W. C. Pond, J. W. Haven, Esq., and W. M. Seabury.

To understand the use of creeds in the admission of members, it is necessary to know what they are in themselves—how they originate and what they mean.

The great historical creeds, which furnish the type and law of creeds, are not broad, general epitomes of gospel truth, but such epitomes as were adapted to the current issues and wants of the Church at the time of their adoption. They were each framed closely into the theological structure of their age. From the creed you might infer the age; from the age the creed. They define what the church supposed at the time to be its supreme faith under its peculiar perils and besetments. Accordingly, any particular historical creed stands in different aspects to the Church at different periods of her history. When first formed, it was her battle-field, where her forces were massed and where she met the enemy; afterwards, her stronghold, where her munitions were stored and from which she made her sallies; then a basis of supplies merely, to which she went back; at last, it may be, a fort far in the rear, in respect to which it is a question with her whether it is any longer worth garrisoning.

The Apostolic Creed, so-called, of the second or third century, affirms the few fundamental gospel facts for which the Christians of that age thought it worth while to lay the supreme stress in their conflicts with both Jews and pagans. The Nicene Creed defines the nature and person of Christ—two natures, a human and a divine, united, not blended, in one person—as against those in the fourth century who assailed his proper humanity or divinity, or their proper union. The Augsburg Confession exalts the doctrine of justification by faith, the watchword of Luther and the rallying cry of the Reformation, to the central place as the constructive principle of the gospel, as opposed to the doctrines of Romanism. The Westminster Confession of Faith presents Christian doctrine logically as from the point of view of God; it is a doctrine of God, centrally, extending all the way from God down to the graces and doings of Christians, as maintained by the followers of Calvin in opposition to Arminians. The Burial Hill Declaration of 1865 is not properly a creed, but it is a significant endorsement of the substance of the evangelical creeds generally in their harmonizing elements, with the assertion of the broad evangelical spirit of the Congregational churches, as against all who deny their orthodoxy or liberality.

It is clear, accordingly, that the historical creeds, of whatever period, are not ideal summaries of doctrine, but such summaries as put the Church down to the doctrines which it felt needed especially to be emphasized at that time. Much remained in the belief of the Church in each instance which was not put in the creed, and very much more remained in the ideal gospel, which had not yet come into the consciousness of the Church, much less into debate and conflict with her enemies, and which stood afar off awaiting possibly a coming historical creed. And something entered into the creed in each instance, also, which was merely a temporary phase of the development of Christian doctrine, or an exaggeration and undue emphasis of elements of it demanded by the times, making it a transitory symbol. Still, much appears in the historical creed, in each instance, which is of permanent worth, much of the timeless gospel; for the essential facts of the gospel and the fundamental spiritual wants of man on the divine side, are the same in all ages, and these enter largely into all the doctrinal statements of the Church.

Such pronouncements are necessary. They are not only a banner over the Church, but a code of tactics for the training of her sons. They lead towards the unity, compactness, strength, invincibility of the host. They help to make it a definite, positive power in the sight of the world. They show that Christianity is a system of facts, principles, truths capable of intellectual statement, and pay respect to human reason by making a summary presentation of them to it. They are an honest disclosure of the supreme belief of the Church, and her high calling, doctrinally, at that juncture of her history. Christianity would have been weakened inconceivably without them. It would have degenerated into sentimentalities, vagaries, mysticisms, fanaticisms, superstitions, and would have brooded over the race as a deadly air instead of the breath of life.

We can now see the position which a creed should hold in the individual church. The individual church, if it has the shaping of its own formula, as in the Congregational churches, can keep that formula in close relation to its doctrinal mission, and at the same time in harmony with the theological spirit of the denomination.

Its formula should point in the direction of its sense of its supreme object, doctrinally expressed, in its own age and field. It should connect the church with its divine call, and put it in its doctrinal niche in the temple of God's truth.

Such a positive, clear intimation of its belief is needed for the sake of the church, the sisterhood, the cause.

There is, sometimes, what seems to be an unreasonable prejudice against any such summary. It is said, and said truly, that the great want of the times and all times, is character—Christian living, Christian works, not dogma, not cold intellectual orthodoxy; and that this age is now emphasizing this demand as never before. This is good; this is right. But we must not forget that that thing which we so much want is a result. That fiery energy which we admire in the character, which holds it unswervingly to righteousness, love and good works—the ideal of the nineteenth century—only exists where the soul fastens on unseen realities with a life-and-death grip; and that fastening principle in the soul is faith, and those realities fastened on, no matter by what name you call them. You can not have the character, life, works, without the objects believed in—the creed. What is the harm, then, of a church consciously lifting up these objects of its sublime fealty, stating them, emphasizing them, wedding itself to them afresh? If a church means anything, if it accepts any mission, if it heroically and self-sacrificingly does anything, it must have something definite which it believes, towards which it bends its energies, and that something, written or unwritten, those living realities which have power over it and sway it this way and that, as the sun moving through the heavens traces the circling planets with it, are its real creed. A church which is not dead must have a creed, a something, many things, believed in; and those churches which object to creeds and decry them, and profess not to have any, are as likely to have a positive, fixed system of belief, to be bigoted and exclusive in maintaining it, as any of those which have written formulas of faith. The fact of its being written does not affect its reality, though it does greatly its worth and power. It is far better for practical purposes, and it is morally due, that it be frankly written. That makes it more tangible, educational, effective, and throws out into the sight of the world a specific declaration of the mission of the church. And in this age, when there are so many specious systems vying with the gospel for the acceptance of man, coming, some of them—in the name of science and philosophy and human progress, and deceiving, if it were possible, the very elect, a church seems to owe it to itself, the community, and mankind, as well as the Master, to hold forth a clear and unmistakable symbol. For its own sake it needs it, that it may put itself down the more heartily and consciously to its definite Christian work, that it may have a bond and educating principle of internal unity, and that it may have a common central ground to rally on against the insidious and ubiquitous foes. And, for the sake of the public it needs it, that they may know clearly where the church stands in the surging conflicts of opinion and doctrine, and that they may feel the definite throbbing, and pulses of its spiritual life in this particular.

This declaration should not take on too much of a local and temporary color. It should not shape itself too minutely to the peculiar circumstances about it. The effect of that would be that it would require too frequent readjustments, and would give a choppy, fickle appearance to its history, and weaken the moral and historic power of the church. The declaration should seize the great central agelements of its divine mission, and put the church in this respect in harmony with the sisterhood and in the line of the divine faith and rallying cries of the denomination. The standard of the individual church must agree with that of the body to which it belongs. There can not be antagonistic colors, systems of training, and policies in the same army corps.

Such a summary, going at once to the quick of the gospel and the exigencies of the times, coupling the church with its immediate and its out-reaching mission—a throbbing pulse where the kingdom of Christ comes out in the sight of men—should be of great worth in the practical handling of the church. It is a working instrument that may be made something of, and not be set up merely as a monument, or filed away among historical archives to be consulted only to verify facts or impressions. There is nothing better fitted for actual use in religious training; and it should be often in the hands of the pastor, church committees, Sabbath-school teachers and the members in their homes and elsewhere. It is vital in every part with the pronounced aims and urgencies of the gospel in its own time, in apt, sentences, loaded phrase, ready to be sent, like an arrow, straight to the mark. It is a need of the times for the use of the times, not a dead thing of the past, not an outgrown tradition, not a legacy from the fathers which we should be better off without.

Now, what use shall be made of the creed in the admission of members? Evidently a use which connects, or tends to connect, the new members with the creed—the vital belief of the church—that tends to carry them over, at the time or prospectively, to a hearty acceptance and support of it. It is impossible to maintain a symbol pointing to its supreme faith and mission, a vital standard, and not take steps to have the new members, as they successively come in, brought in due time to accept it, as a creed can not linger vitally in a Congregational church without having its roots in the members. And the proper, honest time to have them commit themselves in that direction is when they join the church.

We say in that direction, for it is not to be expected that they will be able at

this early stage—all of them, at least—to pass intelligently and approvingly on all its sublime and mysterious truths. Nor is their assent to the creed at the time of admission to be understood in any such way. It is not a mechanical and legal subscription, like a signature or endorsement to a note, binding one to the very letter of its contents; but rather a free personal act, by which one chooses his doctrinal home and associates, a dynamic drift in his belief, not a fixed mooring. It implies more a heart movement of loyalty and sympathy for the religious and spiritual doctrinal life of the church, than a head movement in the severe intellectual region of dogma and the mental analysis and belief of the creed. It is this moral act of acceptance that is wanted; this putting of one's self, by his own choice, heartily in the doctrinal home, the system, the training-school of the church. Of course, it means approval of the system as a whole, as far as the candidates understand it; that they recognize it as the doctrine of the church, are willing to come into such a training-school, into an atmosphere where there is the play of such doctrines, such a type of belief, and to identify themselves with it. Assent is not a rack for tender consciences, a fatal leap for thoughtful minds, but a place of easement, where one who has been drift settled on his doctrinal home and companions, with no sense of loss of freedom in the pursuit of truth, but of gain and help in having so much settled.

If it is said that such an acceptance is committing one's self in advance of his knowledge, and restricting his liberty, it is nothing more than what every one does who joins a society or order. He expects, by the very fact of joining, to come under the regimen of the new body, and accept its spirit and objects. Besides, in the case of the church, there are no secrets, no mysteries that are not as openly proclaimed before joining as afterwards, and the new members do know in a general way the spirit and methods and work of the church, which are the practical and safe side of the doctrines to which they are asked to commit themselves, so that they can take the step intelligently, and need run no risk to manly independence.

Of course, we can not expect the new members to be already trained in doctrine more than in graces and experience; and every church desires to have the way open, and should see that it is open, so that all converted persons who will accept its training and live in sympathy, and work with it, may join it. It is certainly right to ask so much of them at the threshold, viz. sympathy and co-operation. This is frank; it is kind to the new members as well as just to the church. It is no presumption that the church assumes that it has something to give its new members, that it is a training-school, not for business, or manners, or culture, but for the kingdom of God and immortality; and it is due that it should require those who join it to put themselves down at the start as willing to accept this training and be loyal to the supreme mission of the church. This moral and dynamic assent does this without undue strain on the conscience, reason or intelligence.

To ease over the difficulties of assent, and yet secure full credal results, it may be well, in some cases, for the church to have two creed statements—a fuller and more specific one, the standard floating over the church, and a briefer and more general one, for the reception of members. At any rate, the form of statement used in receiving members should not be such that young Christians and those of very limited doctrinal knowledge should be made to say that they believe doctrines which, from the nature of the case, it is as yet impossible for them to know anything about. If but one creed is possessed, it should be written as expressing the belief of the church, in this form: "We believe so and so;" and then after this is read to the candidates, they should be asked to this effect, "This, as far as you understand, do you believe, and this do you accept?" If there are two, the one used in receiving members might simply state gospel facts, pointing to the supreme faith of the church, as about the Scriptures, as the inspired Word of God, the natural condition of man, the character of God, the work and death of Christ for us, the need of the Holy Spirit and his offices, the conditions of salvation, and the judgment to come and its endless issues; it might state such things as facts in scriptural language, and say nothing about doctrines, but in such a way as to have these facts point naturally and logically to the fuller doctrinal summary, as that points to that of the denomination. The doctrinal trend of the formula in admitting a child or the most ignorant adult, however leveled to his understanding, should be the same as that of the full creed of the church, as the first conscious acts of moral training in the nursery for the mother should be in the same line as the higher training of after years.

The advantage of having the members start at once, positively and declaratively, in the direction of the doctrines of the church, is great, and reaches all the parties. It is a blessing to the new member. It is far better for him when the church door, by the fact of his joining, opens and lets him in, that it lets him consciously into a definite system of faith, and does not leave him afloat on a boundless sea of belief. It is a help to him to know that he has already given in his adhesion to a type of doctrine the fundamental characteristics of which are settled, but which still affords endless scope for inquiry, freedom, individuality. It is no kindness to any man, even the most wise or learned, when he comes into the church, to assume that the church has extracted nothing—no faith, facts, doctrine—from the teachings of Christ and his messengers, which it asks him to pledge himself to, where he can find mooring for his drifted soul. On the contrary, it is a privilege

to him, a boon, to welcome him out of the surging of unsettled thought and the conflicts of faith, by his own free act, into the peace and bliss of its own doctrinal home. If it had nothing for him to believe, if it holds out nothing for him to take and believe, no system of doctrine, no supreme mission for his faith, and turns him over still to his own inquiries and wanderings, showing him no light and no help on these supreme subjects, he were as well off out of the church as in it. By the door of the creed, however small or strait, he enters consciously and intentionally into the doctrinal home life and rest of the Church. And he feels much better to come into it in this way, by his own act, than he would to find himself in the church through a broad and noncommittal door, and then be set upon immediately by doctrinal implications and expectations and commitments of which he had had no thought, the church a trap and himself a victim.

It is also an advantage to the church. The church needs this security that the new member will be in sympathy with it, otherwise, if he comes in independently, he may make such use of his freedom and individuality as to be a constant annoyance. The life and moral power of the church are not in the swell of its roll, but in the amount of sympathetic, compact, co-operative, consecrated energy there is in it; seeing eye to eye, and making a solid whole, and the church door should be made to open in such a way as to facilitate this result, bearing its true distinguishing label, so that those who can not be at home there may pass by and not enter.

The initiative creed thus has a sifting power, bringing in those in general sympathy with the church, and a future-reaching molding power, making them in virtue of their own commitment naturally teachable and sympathetic after they enter. It also places the church on a high vantage-ground. In enables it to speak and proclaim its faith to its new members with the feeling that there is a frank understanding between them. It can have no misgivings lest some of them recoil when they come to find out what its true doctrines are, and no fear that they will imagine, when it asserts its faith in earnest, evangelical phrase, that it is using figures of speech, and has no such meaning. A minister who once had a large number of persons attending on his preaching who had entered the church through a broad, non-committal, unevangelical door—a minister who tried to preach Christ to them, and the realities and graces of a devout life—said he found it impossible to make them understand him. "They thought he was speaking of human culture" and virtues in biblical tropes and old-fashioned phrases, but had no such meaning. He spoke on one plane, they heard on another, and it was impossible for the two to come together, or for him to do them any good. He soon withdrew to a people whose initial creed furnished evangelical glasses for all who entered to look through at the Gospel, and where preacher and members were at once en rapport.

It is a real service, moreover, to the congregation, including the old members of the church as well as those who are not members. Their attention is frequently pointed, in a brief summary way, to the very quick and nerve of the faith of the church, by having the formula read when persons are received into fellowship. This helps to keep alive in both classes, in these days when there is much less positive doctrinal preaching than formerly, a sense, first, that the church has a supreme faith, and then, of what that faith is. It resolves what else might be to the common hearer, in the belief of the church, a region of doctrinal nebulae and star-dust, into its own clear, distinct system of sun and stars. The educational effect is much greater than is supposed. It throws light, like the unnoticed rising of the sun, where else were mystery. This frequent repetition of the central truths of the church has, like the repetition of wise proverbs, a sweet, gentle, unperceived power. In whatever other age the churches might afford to dispense with this humble teaching, the present can not. It is itself a battle-hymn of the church, the war-cry calling in the stragglers and inviting recruits. Familiarity with it deprives it of immediate, ringing effect; still the church and congregation, largely under its unconscious influence, silently fall into line, and move forward on the doctrinal march together, far beyond what would be otherwise possible.

Finally, it helps the denomination, and so the cause. In Congregationalism the orthodoxy of the denomination stands in the orthodoxy of the churches as that stands in the orthodoxy of the members. In the centralized denominations—as Episcopalianism, Methodism, Presbyterianism—the source of the doctrinal formula is the supreme tribunal, whence they are authoritatively passed downward to the pastors and the officers. It makes little difference with them, therefore, whether the members are received into the church through a creed or not, so far as the maintenance of sound doctrine in the denomination is concerned. The higher courts look after that. But in the Congregational churches sound doctrine reverses the order, and proceeds from the individuals to the churches, and from the churches to the denomination; and with them it is altogether necessary that the members should come into the church through the door of a confession of faith that starts them in the right direction. We have no other structural pledge of the maintenance of orthodoxy. If we do not look after it sharply in the individuals it vanishes in the order.

Besides, this drill gives the order unity, compactness, solidity, power, in the only way in which it can ever have it on a basis of doctrinal sympathy and high faith, and all bonds of union which exclude this are weak, ephemeral. We must begin our denominational train-

ing, therefore, individuals; and enter the church, make them feel that they will repose on gational spirit, which we believe the pure Gospel, the members, another, freely taking the initiative intelligently at gational way, and when they seem, as it so weak and tremble and imm to part, bound all together kingdom of God.

By all means use of a creed, bers, whether be simple and ally if the church clearly point supreme faith as that of the with the supreme trend also in the kingdom of God.

And at the the confession thoughtfully, pointing to the cics of the God not be given, with an air of or even slight of appreciation make the serv The minister's as to a height the congrega dom of God.

This custom has come do been identified power of the needful now a tive blessing coming them unrest to doc but inquiry a fixed lines of central facts of the church toward those in the training and it is essen into denomin strength.

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Home

Conductors

Office, No.

Home Mission

The First entered upon a few weeks the Permanent Missions. They fully make wationally to the First church.

We are su us for putting the church in

The Commi with the past animation of work in this c by Fourth and rison and To follows:

The Commi this district w Mr. Dinmore. The district blocks or tw they being di Most of these pried by a cla to be comforta are occupied mechanics and

There are several manu furniture, and one of steam The popula timate at 15 children, and dren, say 1,5 to Protestant mated by Mr.

There is no in this district nor any kind ferred with. The Episcopal street betwe

Your Com the opinion th should receive those who lo recommend th al church a work, on its its own cost, Let this come a pa progress, and sion," with th follows: "The school and Congregation Your Co

ing, therefore, with the training of individuals; and start them when they enter the church in such a way as to make them faithful to the trust that will repose on them, true to the Congregational spirit, ideas, methods, polity, which we believe in and love, because we believe they are pre-eminently those of the pure Gospel. Thus we shall make the members, as they come in, one after another, freely and from choice, each taking the initiative pledge, and starting intelligently and honestly in the Congregational way, pillars of the denomination; and when the denomination rests on them, as it soon will, it will not rest on a weak and treacherous foundation, but on hewn and immovable granite, part-fitted to part, bound in inseparable union, and all together holding it up grandly in the kingdom of God.

By all means, then, let us continue the use of a creed in the reception of members, whether children or adults. Let it be simple and general, if need be, especially if the church has two. But let it clearly point in the direction of the supreme faith and mission of the church, as that of the church should harmonize with the supreme faith and mission of the denomination, and as that should trend also in the direction of those of the kingdom of God in the age.

And at the time of the reception, let the confession of faith be presented, thoughtfully, tenderly, appreciatively, as pointing to the emphatic parts and urgencies of the Gospel in our time. Let it not be given, as it sometimes has been, with an air of exhaustion or indifference, or even slight, which shows a total want of appreciation of the object, and fails to make the service impressive or useful. The minister should go up to the service as to a height to which he wished to take the congregation, overlooking the kingdom of God.

This custom of our churches, which has come down from the fathers, and been identified with the spiritual life and power of the denomination, is quite as needful now as it ever was. It is a positive blessing to the new members, welcoming them from a world of doctrinal unrest to doctrinal peace; not stagnation, but inquiry and progress along certain fixed lines of truth, and out from central facts of faith. It is a necessity of the church, to give it unity and power toward those abroad, and most influence in the training of its own membership; and it is essential, to mold the churches into denominational compactness and strength.

In the reception of members, the creed, if felicitous and vital, is an open door, where the supreme divine truth of the age calling for recognition, the supreme want of the kingdom of God asking present emphasis and endorsement, comes as an angel, presents herself in view, joins hands with the candidates in conscious fellowship, covenants afresh with the old members, and then, breathing a silent benediction which scatters unseen spiritual blessings, retires, and the door closes. Do not forbid her appearance.

Home Missionary Cal.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

Home Mission Work of the First church.

The First church of this city has entered upon and assumed a work which a few weeks ago was contemplated by the Permanent Committee of Home Missions. The Committee very cheerfully make way and surrender unconditionally to the glorious invasion of the First church.

We are sure all our friends will thank us for putting in our column the action of the church in the premises.

The Committee appointed to co-operate with the pastor in reference to the examination of the question of mission work in this city in the district bounded by Fourth and Eighth streets, and Harrison and Townsend streets, report as follows:

The Committee went personally over this district with our pastor and the Rev. Mr. Dinsmore.

The district embraces twelve large blocks or twenty-four smaller blocks, they being divided by narrow streets. Most of these blocks are densely occupied by a class of houses which appear to be comfortable but not expensive, and are occupied to a large extent by mechanics and laborers.

There are also within these limits several manufacturing establishments of furniture, and one of steam engines, and one of steam boilers.

The population of this district is estimated at 15,000, of which 5,000 are children, and three-tenths of these children, say 1,500, are believed to belong to Protestant families, as carefully estimated by Mr. Dinsmore.

There is no church or Sunday-school in this district, nor in the vicinity of it, nor any kindergarten that will be interfered with. The nearest churches are the Episcopal and Methodist on Howard street between Second and Third streets.

Your Committee are unanimous in the opinion that this section of our city should receive immediate attention from those who love to serve our Master, and recommend that this First Congregational church and society engage in this work, on its own responsibility and at its own cost, as follows:

Let this new mission work become a part of the work now in progress, and known as the "Local Mission," with the name and designation as follows: "The Local Mission Sunday-school and Kindergarten of the First Congregational Church."

Your Committee recommend that

steps be taken at once to secure a Mission House near the center of this district, where a kindergarten can be commenced without delay, and carried on for six days the week and a Sabbath-school and preaching service on Sunday. Your committee hope and believe that arrangements can be made with the Rev. E. F. Dinsmore to take the immediate charge of this mission work, superintend the Sabbath-school, and preach at such times as may be deemed expedient.

We feel confident that if this precious work is prosecuted in the name of the Master and in his Spirit, that much fruit will be gathered, and eventually a church will be required in which to carry on and establish permanently this mission work, to the joy of many souls, and the glory of Christ's kingdom. Your committee feel that this church has come far short of its duty and its privilege in regard to active, practical mission work, but the field now open is one of great promise, in which we may be enriched and made to rejoice, as we would enrich others.

Your committee cannot close their report without an expression of gratitude for the prompt and cheerful manner in which this mission work has been received by our people, giving assurance that all its pecuniary wants will be fully met.

Respectfully submitted,
S. A. CHAPIN,
H. W. SEVERANCE,
C. S. EATON.

San Francisco, October 24, 1883.

We learn that the cost of this city mission work, which will amount to about \$3,000 a year, has nearly all been provided for by actual pledges. The church gladly accepted and adopted the above report of the Committee, by a rising vote, embracing not only the members of the church, but also the members of the congregation, and those who ought to be members of the church. And this is how the Home Missionary Society has been relieved of important and expensive work.

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Publishing Company of THE PACIFIC, will be held Nov. 22, 1883, at 7 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, at 1 o'clock p. m.

At the meeting of the Congregational Club, next Monday, Rev. Dr. Dwinell will speak on "The Characteristics of Luther in Reference to his Mission."

The meeting of the Ministerial Union, last Monday, was a very excellent one. Mrs. Leavitt, of the W. C. T. U., was present, and gave a very interesting address of some 30 or 40 minutes, after which strong prohibition resolutions were unanimously passed.

Last Sabbath was another good day for the First church in this city. The pastor's discourse was on the words of Paul, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." This was preparatory to the communion, at which 23 persons joined the church—9 by letter, and 14 by profession. At night Mrs. Leavitt gave an excellent lecture on Temperance and Prohibition. Dr. Barrows' introduction of Mrs. Leavitt is described as beautiful, by one who heard it. The Doctor also endorsed every word the lecturer said. The church was well filled.

Rev. E. F. Dinsmore has commenced mission work in this city, under the auspices of the First church.

Seven persons united with the Fourth church on confession of faith, and the pastor, Rev. Herbert Macy, is greatly encouraged. Congregations are good, and there are tokens of a spiritual harvest.

There is to be a meeting of special interest in the Y. M. C. A. Hall next Sabbath afternoon, at three o'clock. Mr. Alexander Balfour, president of the Liverpool, England, Association will preside and short addresses will be delivered by business men and clergymen with special reference to the day of prayer for young men and the anniversary of Luther.

Rev. Dr. Stratton, President of University of the Pacific, will deliver a free lecture in the First Congregational church, this city, on Friday evening, Nov. 9th, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the California Association for feeble-minded children. A lecture by such a man, under such auspices, should crowd the house.

We learn that the church in San Jose decline to accept the resignation of their pastor, Rev. Martin Post.

Rev. Mr. Goodsell, of Tulare, has had a donation party, which left him some one hundred dollars richer in provisions, fuel and money. The Tulare church has raised altogether this year about \$950. Good for Tulare! Mr. Goodsell has also commenced services at Tipton, about ten miles away.

Rev. C. J. Hutchins began work at Martinez, last Sabbath. We look for good reports from the same.

Rev. Roswell Graves, who underwent so serious a surgical operation, still lingers on. It is said there is no hope of his recovery.

The church in Los Angeles received twenty-two accessions at its last communion—fourteen by letter, and eight by profession.

Nine persons were received to the Second church of San Bernardino, Nov. 4th, two by confession of faith, and seven by letter. Sabbath-school increasing.

We are glad to report that Rev. Dr. J. C. Holbrook has come to California to reside; we understand that his services can be had for Sabbath supply if desired, by any church whose pulpit is vacant.

His address is, corner of Clay and 13th streets, Oakland.

Rev. W. C. Stewart, of Antioch, writes: "There is a sweeping temperance revival going on here. Fifty-nine were initiated last night, making eighty-seven in three weeks. The L. O. G. T. here numbers over 250 members. The leading citizens of the place take an active part in the movement, and many old and young inebriates have been induced to sign the pledge. If this movement continues the saloons will be nearly all closed. One saloon-keeper is reported as saying that there are now only nine regular patrons to eleven saloons. My congregations are encouraging as to numbers and interest, and I think there is a favorable state of public sentiment and morals for religious work in Antioch. I am praying and laboring, and waiting, not to see every body in this section converted, but for greater spiritual results than the past has accomplished."

Rev. W. B. Winn preached at Auburn last Sabbath. Subject: "The Transfiguration." The ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper were administered in the evening.

A SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL.—The regular semi-monthly Congregational church social was held in the College chapel, last Thursday evening, and in every particular proved to be the most successful affair of the kind ever had in Auburn. The attendance was not less than 120, including many of the teachers of the county, now in town attending the annual Institute. The musical and literary programme, gotten up impromptu, was especially good. All seemed to give themselves over to sociability, and all seemingly enjoyed a very pleasant evening indeed. As previously announced, the various little lunch baskets were auctioned off to the highest bidder. It somehow leaked out which was which, and the price realized by some of those prepared by favorite lady cooks was as encouraging to the friends of the church as it was flattering to the ladies who put them up. One small basket brought as high as \$3, and from the sale of just twenty there was realized the sum of \$37, all of which is net gain, and goes into the organ fund.—[Placer Herald (Auburn), Nov. 3d.]

Rev. P. S. Knight preached at Sacramento. Morning subject, "The Two Theories of Life," illustrated by the parable of Lazarus and the rich man. Evening subject, "Moral Earnestness." Mr. Knight lectured before the Y. M. C. A., on Monday evening, on "The Machinery of Hearing."

A very enthusiastic meeting in behalf of the "American Seamen's Friend Society" was held Sabbath evening last, in the Congregational church of Astoria. Addresses were delivered by the pastors of the various churches of the city and also by Post Chaplain Scott. The contributions were liberal. The way is being paved for a "Seaman's Home and Bethel" in this place.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey began a series of meetings in London, last Sabbath.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The following is the President's proclamation appointing a day of National Thanksgiving:

By the President of the United States of America: A proclamation. In furtherance of the custom of the people at the closing of each year to engage upon a day set apart for that purpose in a special festival of praise to the Giver of All, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby designate Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of National Thanksgiving. The year which is drawing to an end has been replete with evidences of Divine goodness. The prevalence of health, the fullness of the harvests, the stability of peace and order, the growth of fraternal feeling, the spread of intelligence, civil and religious liberty, all these and countless other blessings are causes for reverent rejoicing. I do, therefore, recommend that on the day above mentioned the people rest from their accustomed labors, and meeting in their several places of worship, express their devout gratitude to God that he hath dealt so bountifully with this nation, and pray that his grace and favor abide with it forever.

(Signed) CHESTER A. ARTHUR.
By the President:
FREDERICK T. FREELINGHUYSEN,
Secretary of State.

Bay Conference.

Programme of the Bay Conference, meeting with the Congregational church at Benicia, opening on Monday, November 12th:

Monday evening, 7:30—opening services, followed by three addresses on "The New Life—What it is; Objections to Entering it Answered, and Reasons for Coming into it while Young."

Tuesday a. m.—9:30, devotional; 10:30, organization. General subject, Church Work. Paper—How to Organize for it, Enlisting the Entire Membership. Paper—Our Sabbath-School Work; how it May be Improved.

Tuesday afternoon, 2:—Paper—The Church in the Community, Neighborhood Work, etc. 3—Paper—"Prayer-Meetings, their Variations and Adaptations."

Tuesday evening, 7:30—A memorial discourse concerning Martin Luther, followed by two brief addresses on the same subject.

Wednesday a. m.—9:30—Devotional. 10:30—Business. Paper—Fruitfulness in the Ministry; What it is, and How it is Reached. Paper—The Prevalence of Immorality; What it Signifies, and What We Have to do with it.

Wednesday afternoon, 2—Paper—The

"Planting and the Watering" that will be followed by the "Increase." The meeting to conclude with the Lord's Supper.

The foregoing is suggested as a general outline of work for the Conference. It is thought best that details should be left to the occasion. It is presumed that the opening papers will be short, merely laying out the subject, and that the time will be principally given to free discussion, interspersed with prayer and singing. It is a conference concerning some of the leading features of the coming winter's work. And this suggests how earnestly the presence and superintendence of the Holy Spirit should be invoked. Guests on arriving will please to come immediately to the lecture-room of the church.

Seminary Sunday.

BY REV. W. C. POND.

One of our most honored brethren, pastor of one of the churches near the bay, said to me after the last year's series of Seminary Sunday sermons was completed, that besides the real interest and value of the views presented, which had surprised us by their variety, and in all cases were fresh and timely, they had afforded him special pleasure as coming from brethren who lived at a distance, whose faces he could not see, and who seldom, if ever, wrote anything for THE PACIFIC. I begin, this year, with brothers of whom this is now more or less true, and I introduce first that one who has all of broad Trinity county for his parish—a faithful and hard-working shepherd of a widely scattered flock. Rev. J. R. Bowler is so modest and so brief in his account of his sermons that we may take room for some account of his work. He preached on Seminary Sunday in the afternoon, at Douglas City, on "The Essential Qualifications for the Christian Ministry."

In the evening his regular service was held in Weaverville, and his subject was, "Christian Education;" considered first in its nature, secondly, in the agencies employed, and thirdly, in its design and utility. We would have been glad to know more of the train of thought so aptly and briefly mapped out. Brother Bowler holds services regularly on alternate Sabbaths, at Weaverville, the county-seat; at Junction City and Cañon City once each month; at Lewiston and Lowden Ranch, once each month, and at Douglas City, once each month, with an occasional service at Hay Fork. All these communities, except that Weaverville, are small, and the congregations vary from twenty-five to sixty. The Sunday-school at Weaverville is the only one in the whole county. In the spring, however, Brother Bowler proposes to organize at least six others. And now I venture to propose that whoever is moved to help out this good work by donations of Sunday-school books, papers, or other conveniences, or money to buy such things with, send them to No. 7 Montgomery avenue, and enable our Superintendent, before retiring, to forward to Brother Bowler a box roomy and well filled with Sunday-school supplies.

We will hear next from the Bishop of all Calaveras county, Brother Ostrom, sole pastor of eight churches. His topic was "Christian Education," from the text in John vi: 45: "It is written in the prophets, And they shall all be taught of God. Every one that hath heard from the Father and hath learned cometh unto me." (Revision.) The points were as follows:

1. To educate is to lead out or develop all the faculties and powers of the being.

2. The subject to be educated is personal, an intellect, an emotional nature, a will, a conscience and a physical organization.

3. The subject matter to be learned is truth in its varied forms; such truth, in each case, as is best suited to the bent or special need of the person concerned.

4. All truth is of God. Men, as instructors, are simply his agents, and both the teacher and the taught are dependent on him.

5. God's great desire in revealing truth is to win men to faith and love. Hence the gracious promise of the text, with which compare Isaiah lii: 13; Jer. xxxi: 34; Micah iv: 2; Heb. viii: 10; and x: 16.

6. How God is fulfilling this promise. Through his word; through the ministry; by the Holy Spirit; through Christian schools; the closing sentences being devoted to some account of our own seminary and academy.

This week's column will afford space for only a few words more, and these shall be from Brother Palmer of Reno, sole Congregational Bishop (ought we not blush as we think of it) of the whole State of Nevada. His text was in Romans x: 14, 15—"How, then, shall they call on him, in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear, except they be sent? Even as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things!" [Revision.]

1. The Gospel the great need of our rapidly increasing population; loss of time will greatly increase the difficulty of the work. Seeds of infidelity will be sown and take root unless the ground is preoccupied with the truth.

2. The preacher of the Gospel a necessity.

(a.) Should be called by God and the Church to the work. Should be "sent."

(b.) Sending implies the finding of some one to send. The conversion of boys and young men. The proper education in the Church and Sunday-school. The encouraging and influencing of suitable and promising young men to pursue the necessary preparatory course of study.

(c.) Such a course of study implies the existence of schools, well endowed and supplied with competent teachers and all the necessary appliances. And this implies generous gifts. Some have given nobly to our academy and seminary. Still there is need. Shall we who have as yet taken no share in this work now respond to the earnest appeal for help?

Moody and Sankey.

The Christian of October 18th has come to hand, with full reports of the Moody and Sankey meetings in Limerick, Ireland, which were excellent in every respect. The telegrams which announced violent hostility have no confirmation in these reports. Says the Christian: "Limerick is not only one of the most ancient, but one of the most Catholic cities in Ireland. The Protestant population stands in the proportion of about one to ten. It will therefore be understood that the local friends who for years past have desired a visit from Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, had unusual difficulties to encounter in paving the way for their reception. These indeed came as much, if not more, from the lukewarmness or latent opposition of influential Protestants as from any other cause." "Speaking from a considerable experience of the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, I can confidently say that nowhere, under the most favoring conditions, has their message seemed to secure from the very outset a readier entrance into the hearts and sympathies of the people."

"If any thought that the harmony of the meetings would be disturbed, they have been agreeably disappointed. The Roman clergy in the city have adopted another way of showing their disapproval of the American intrusion—if, indeed, their action can be thus construed, which is perhaps doubtful. The Redemptorist Fathers have been holding nightly special services in their fine church, situated a few minutes' walk from the theatre, and in the same street where Mr. Moody's meetings were held." Messrs. Whittle and McGranahan continued the meeting for several days after the departure of Moody and Sankey. The Christian has the following pleasant account:

ARRIVAL OF THE EVANGELISTS.

After a five months' visit to their native land, Messrs. Moody and Sankey have again landed on our shores, and are busy at their blessed work as heralds of the Cross. Most readers of THE CHRISTIAN will have seen in the daily papers the announcement of their arrival off Queenstown, on Tuesday morning, the 9th inst., by the good steamship Alaska, the vessel in which they made the homeward passage last April. True to her world-wide reputation as a swift ploughman of the Atlantic main, the Alaska brought the evangelists back to us with all speed. Notwithstanding a severe and adverse gale encountered during the latter half of the voyage, she ran from land to land in two-and-a-half hours under seven days. It is worth noting that the American mail landed at Queenstown by the tender that took the evangelists and other passengers to the shore, were delivered in London on the morning of the 10th—the most rapid case of transmission yet known in the history of trans-Atlantic postal communications.

As the tender, under full pressure of steam, glided through the beautiful bay of Queenstown, and approached the quay, a goodly and expectant company of friends and onlookers gathered around the landing point. The evangelistic party, consisting of Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey, Major Whittle, Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan—besides Col. Hall, of Cork, Mr. Fowler, of Dublin, and others who had gone out to the Alaska to meet them—received a hearty welcome as they stepped on the shores of "Old Ireland," after having successfully passed the ordeal of the inexorable Customs officers. They looked little the worse for having been rather roughly "rocked in the cradle of the deep," though I believe some of them had suffered pretty severely from the much execrated *mal de mer*. Strange to say, however, Mr. Moody, who is usually a very disloyal subject of King Neptune, this time escaped almost scatheless; whether this was due to the fact that he closely courted his berth during the greater part of the voyage, or that he indulged in homeopathic doses of petroleum, I wot not; I only record the gratifying fact. Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Sankey, and their respective families proceeded to Liverpool by the Alaska, thence to London direct. Many readers will regret to hear that Mr. Moody's elder son, Willie, is still in doubtful health. It is hoped that a residence through the coming winter at some salubrious southern seaside spot may carry him through the critical crisis, and thus relieve the anxious minds of his parents. Mrs. Moody has gone with her family to reside for the present at Brighton.

The Mercury of Nov. 1, (San Jose) kindly says: "The State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. has come and gone. Those who were favored by attending the sessions of the convention and entertaining the delegates assure us that they enjoyed a rare and rich treat. Their influence upon the homes of San Jose, and the society of our highly favored city, was purifying, refining, elevating and dignifying, and while they found society good when they came, they have left it, we hope, better for their coming. San Jose gave them a welcome so warm and generous that they expressed themselves pleased, delighted and charmed with their reception."

Died.

WILLEY.—In Pembroke, New Hampshire, October 25, 1883, Rev. Isaac Willey, aged 90 years and 17 days. He had been in the ministry in his native State, New Hampshire, 59 years. He was a brother of Rev. Dr. Willey of Benicia.

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The First Step.

M. L. B.

To-night as the tender gloaming
Was sinking in evening's gloom,
And only the glow of the firelight
Brightened the darkening room,
I laughed with the gay heart-gladden
That only to mothers is known,
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby
Took his first step alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him
Came trooping the household band,
Joyous, loving, and eager
To reach him a helping hand,
To watch him with silent rapture,
To cheer him with happy noise
My one little fair-faced darling
And four brown roving boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms
That fain would bid him rest
Close to the love and longing,
Near to the mother's breast;
Wild with laughter and daring,
Looking askance at me,
He stumbled across the shadows
To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,
Stepping so brave and bright,
With flutter of lace and ribbon
Out of my arms to-night,
Helped in thy pretty ambition
With tenderness blessed to see,
Sheltered, upheld and protected,
How will the last step be?

See, we are all beside you,
Urging and beckoning on,
Watching lest again betide you
Till the safe nest you win,
Guiding the faltering footsteps
That tremble and fear to fall—
How will it be, my darling,
With the last step of all?

Nay! Shall I dare to question,
Knowing that One more fond
Than all our tender loving
Will guide the weak feet beyond?
And knowing beside, my dearest,
That whenever the summons, 'twill be
But a stumbling step through the shadows,
Then rest—at the Father's knee!

—Wide Awake.

Burdens.

In Bunyan's beautiful inspired dream,
Christian starts on his way to the heav-
enly city weighed to the earth with a
heavy burden. He toils through the
"wicket gate," and not till he reaches the
open sepulchre at the foot of the cross
does the weary load fall off. Notice it
does fall off, and though you see Chris-
tian asleep on the way, trembling before
lions and fighting Apollyon, you never
see him bowed to the earth with a bur-
den again. Alas for the modern Chris-
tian! Did not God promise that "His
yoke was easy and His burden was
light?" And then for fear the light bur-
den would be too much, He lovingly
says, "Cast thy burden on the Lord
and He will sustain thee" (Psalms lv: 22).
He not only sustains the burden, but
thence, and "will not suffer thee to be
moved."

With all this, what weary, burdened
Christians we find! No wonder they
cannot "rejoice evermore."

There are two kinds of burdens the
people of God bear. The first are the
burdens wilderness Christians pick up;
the second, the burdens God lays on
Canaan Christians.

There are many self-imposed burdens:
Borrowing trouble for the future, when
our dear Father tells us "take no an-
xious thought," since he promised to "go
before" and make the path "plain;" "to
guide thee with his eye;" "to never
leave thee nor forsake thee." How it
would grieve you if your little child
should be always fretting for fear you
would not support him next winter; and
yet our Father is more anxious to give
good gifts than we to receive them.

Most of the bodily ills are burdens we
fasten on ourselves. "Be that as it
may, they are crushing me to the earth,"
you say. "Most disease will yield if even
the best human means are used. A bet-
ter way is not to risk Asa's sad fate, but
consult James v: 15. 'That it might be
fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the
prophet saying, 'Himself took our in-
firmities and bare our sickness' (Matt.
viii: 17).

Is your burden a fretful temper? The
Lord will remove that (as I know by ex-
perience) if you ask believing he is able.
Burdens which are sinful are be-
yond doubt from Satan, and you must at
once seek God's grace to overcome "who
giveth to all men liberty and upbraid-
eth not."

Don't allow yourself to carry the
smallest burden of sin or doubt. Like
the bit of snow on the Alpine mountain
crest, which, falling, gathers strength to
become a mighty avalanche, the little sin
may some day bury you beneath its
weight, hiding even the light of God.
There is but one place to lose such
burdens. Look steadfastly at the up-
lifted cross, and Satan's burdens will roll
off forever.

But there are some burdens clearly
meant to be borne, not lost. Sometimes
the dear Father permits his children to
carry some little burden for him. That is
what "Count it all joy when you fall into
divers temptations" means. "But how
am I to know whether the burden be
from God or Satan?" Ah, "the secret of
the Lord is with them that fear him,"
"The meek will he guide in judgment;
the meek will he teach his way." There
are conditions, you see. The only safe
way is to be out of the seventh chapter
of Romans into the eighth. Study the
difference. Out of the wilderness under
Moses (the law) into the land of Canaan
under Joshua (Jesus).

There were giants and armed men to
fight and walled cities to overcome in the
land of Canaan, you remember—but the
children of Israel were victorious. So
there are "burdens" in the Canaan life.
Sometimes it is physical pain, or loss, or
bereavement, or "waiting on the Lord"
for some hope deferred, or, heaviest of
all burdens, that inexpressible longing for
souls and the return of the King for whom
we watch and wait. Be it a heavy cross
that all the world may see, a cross of
iron, or, often harder to bear, an invis-
ible cross where the world sees the roses

and your shrinking heart feels the thorns
—be what it will, it is our sweet priv-
ilege to let the Lord carry it; and then we
will find his burden is light; and no mat-
ter what the circumstances, "His ways
are ways of pleasantness and all his paths
are paths of peace."

How many of the Lord's dear children
will understand me when I say some of
my sweetest experiences and most per-
fect peace came when the Lord was
bearing for me a cross that otherwise
would have been insupportable. "Surely
He hath borne our griefs and carried our
sorrows."

It is as when going home at night, the
little one toddling at our side says, "Pa-
pa, let me carry something." You do not
give him the heavy basket that would
break his little arm, but a small burden
suited to his strength. But after a while
the little feet are weary, the little arms
are aching. "Papa, carry me," and
you take the little fellow in your strong
arms, and thinking he is still "helping,"
he clings to his little burden while you
carry both. Dear burden-bearer, that
is the Lord's way. "For He knoweth
our frame, He remembereth we are dust."

He is "our Father," "our strength,"
"very pitiful and of tender mercy," "and
underneath are the everlasting arms." The
Lord would no more give you a bur-
den you could not bear easily, than you
would ask your four-year-old darling to
do a man's work.

More than that, "casting your burden
on the Lord" means being carried with
it. It is the higher life, resting on his
bosom instead of following by his side or
"afar off." Beloved, careworn Christian,
if you feel heavily-laden, something is
wrong. Throw yourself in the arms of
the loving Saviour, to be his entirely, now
and forever. Believe me, many of the
old burdens will drop off, and the great
Burden-bearer will lift the rest, and then
you will know that "to live is Christ,"
and will even now feed on him who is
life everlasting. "His presence will go
with you, and he will give you rest."

"Thy cross, if rightly borne, will be
No burden, but support, to thee."
—[Zion's Herald.]

Tobacco.

BY MRS. A. B. LEACH.

How anybody can educate his ap-
petite to love such nasty stuff as tobacco
has been a mystery to me. But certainly
the love of the weed once acquired is
about as hard to break off from as drunk-
enness. There are very few who have ac-
quired this habit, but what at the same
time regret it, and would like to break off
from it; but few have the stamina of
character to break the habit when once
formed. Tobacco is well known to be a
powerful vegetable poison. A few drops
of the oil will extinguish life in man or
beast. It is a well-known fact that it
reduces the flesh, and is sometimes used
by corpulent persons for this purpose.
And by exciting an undue discharge
from the salivary glands, while some of
the poison is unavoidably swallowed, can
we wonder that the stomach should
become deranged, and the brain and all
the vital organs be more or less affected
by this poison? Says an eminent physi-
cian: "Few articles more powerfully affect
the nervous system." In the early days
of California there was a young preacher
of fine abilities, who acquired this habit
before he was converted, and kept it up
after, till finally his nervous system be-
came to give way under its effects. Some-
times he would begin a fine sermon, and
perhaps, before he got half through would
be so crazy he would have to be taken
charge of. He was told by his physician
that his condition was the result of tobacco.
He quit its use, went back East, and
for many years has been filling some of
the best pastoral charges in the gift of his
church. I was watching around the
sick bed of a friend in one of the southern
countries, when a lady present expressed
her anxiety about her husband's health
to the doctor, a man of experience with
a large practice. The doctor knew
her husband both chewed and smoked,
and told her tobacco was what ailed him,
and went on to tell that he was similarly
affected at one time, and had made up
his mind that he would drop off sudden-
ly sometime. He said in going his
rounds to see his patients, he would get
so dizzy and sick he would have to get
off his horse and lie down awhile. So
one day when lying down in one of his
sick spells he got to thinking what could
be the cause; and it occurred to him that
it might be the tobacco; he dearly
loved the weed, but made up his mind
he would quit for a while and see the ef-
fect. He did so, and soon got over his
spells; and he further said that he knew
a gentleman keeping a hotel (with whom
I was acquainted), a large robust man,
came to him and said he was alarmed at
his condition, and said sometimes when
he was talking he would forget what he
was talking about, and would get so con-
fused he would have to leave his company.
He wanted to know if the doctor could
do anything for him. The doctor wanted
to know if he used tobacco. "Why,
yes," "Give it up," said the doctor,
"and I think you will be all right." He
did so, afterwards came to the doctor and
thanked him for his good advice, and
said he had got entirely over his distress-
ing malady. The oil of the tobacco is
said to be a mortal poison when applied
to an open wound. There was a gentle-
man, the father-in-law of a San Francisco
editor, who in conversation told me of a
circumstance which occurred while he
was visiting a Southern lady. She put
a poultice of tobacco on a little negro's
head, for some eruptive disease, thinking
it would be good. The little boy took
a seat near where they were talking;
all at once he was observed to fall from his
seat; when the lady ran to him she found
that he was dead.

Doctor Gunn says: "I wish particularly
to warn boys, who wish to be any thing
in the world, to avoid tobacco as a dead-

ly poison. It retards their growth, weak-
ens the spinal marrow, the brain and the
whole nervous system, and has a tendency
to lead to an appetite for liquor."

At least, almost every drunkard is a
tobacco user; then it is such a waste of
money; better throw it in the well. A
great many men whose families have to
do without almost the necessities of life
spend from 75 cents to one dollar per
week to poison their systems with.

How many comforts and even luxuries
this amount of money, properly applied,
would furnish! How many homes, where
scarcely a book or paper is to be seen,
might be furnished with good literature,
which would elevate and furnish amuse-
ment for old and young! Can we wonder
if the children of those, too poor to buy
literature, yet can buy tobacco, should
wander away, and on the streets and in
the liquor hells, should learn all that is
low and vile?

Women in Revivals.

During a series of religious meetings
held some years ago in Johnstown, Ohio,
by a preacher named C., it was observed
that most of the persons who expressed a
desire for salvation were women. This
provoked the stale comment—so often
heard from men whose brains are so ad-
ded and stupefied with rum and tobacco,
as to be almost proof against moral and
religious influences—that only weak mind-
ed persons could be induced to seek the
Lord, and that men of judgment were not
so easily deluded.

These remarks came to the ears of Mr.
C., and the next evening of the meeting,
as he was closing the exercises, he took
occasion to notice the objection in words
substantially as follows:—

"Well, friends, we have had a very
profitable meeting to-night. I wish,
however, to notice a little objection that I
heard of to-day, concerning our meeting.
Some persons have said that this is not
really the work of the Lord, because nearly
all the seekers are females; they more-
over challenge us to tell why there is so
large a proportion of the weaker sex en-
gaged in this work."

"Now, sirs, I will not answer your ques-
tion directly, but see here: Two years
ago I had occasion to go to preach to the
prisoners in the penitentiary. Now, how
did it happen that there were more than
one hundred males in that prison, and
only about half a dozen of the weaker sex?
When you answer this, I will be prepared
to speak to your question."—[The Chris-
tian.]

A Feathered Shepherd.

In South America there is a very beau-
tiful bird called the agami, or the golden
breasted trumpeter. It is about as large
in the body as one of our common barn-
yard fowl, but as it has longer legs and
a longer neck it seems much larger. Its
general color is black, but the plumage
on the breast is beautiful beyond descrip-
tion, being what might be called irides-
cent, changing, as it continually does,
from a steel-blue to a red-gold, and glit-
tering with a metallic luster.

In its wild state the agami is not pec-
uliar for anything but its beauty, its ex-
traordinary cry, which has given it the
name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit
of leaping with comical antics into the
air, apparently for its own amusement.
When tamed, however, and it soon
learns to abandon its wild ways, it usu-
ally conceives a violent attachment for its
master, and though very jealous of his
affection, endeavors to please him by a
solicitude for the well-being of all that
belong to him, which may fairly be
termed benevolence.

It is never shut up at night as the oth-
er fowl are, but, with a well deserved
liberty, is permitted to take up its quar-
ters where it pleases. In the morning,
it drives the ducks to the water and the
chickens to their feeding ground; and if
they should presume to wander, they are
quickly brought to a sense of duty by a
sharp reminder from the strong beak of
the vigilant agami. At night, the faith-
ful guardian drives its charge home again.

Sometimes it is given the care of a
flock of sheep; and, though it may seem
too puny for such a task, it is in fact
quite equal to it. The misguided sheep
that tries to trifle with the agami soon
cause to repent the experiment; for, with
a swiftness unrivaled by any dog, the
feathered shepherd darts after the run-
ner, and with wings and beak drives it
back to its place, not forgetting to im-
press upon the offender a sense of its er-
ror by pecks with his beak.

Should a dog think to take advantage
of the seemingly ungarded condition of
the sheep and approach them with evil
design, agami makes no hesitation about
rushing at him and giving combat. And
it must be a good dog that will overcome
the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are
so awed by the fierce onset of the agami,
accompanied by its strange cries, that
they incontinently turn about and run,
fortunate if they escape unscathed from
the indignant creature.

At meal-times it walks into the house
and takes its position near its master,
seemingly to ask for his caresses. It will
not permit the presence of any other pet
in the room, and even resents the in-
trusion of any servants not belonging
there, driving out all others before it
will be contented. Like a well-bred
dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits
with dignity until its wants have been
satisfied.—[St Nicholas.]

Superintendent Rogers, of the New
Orleans public schools, in his report to
the city school board, dated October 3d,
said intimations had been received from
Dr. Curry, general agent of the Pea-
body fund, that he might be able to con-
tribute something from that fund in aid
of the public schools during the present
session. That noble charity ought not
to be squandered to supply deficiencies
due solely to Bourbon legislation. The
schools are now in a shameful condition
because of a Romish-Bourbon conspi-
racy to destroy them. The plea of pov-
erty is thoroughly dishonest, and not
entitled to a moment's consideration.
Louisiana and New Orleans are abund-
antly able to sustain the schools were
there any sentiment in their favor strong
enough to make an impression on law-
makers and the State officials.—
[Southwestern Christian Advocate.]

How Mozart Died.

Wolfgang Mozart, the great composer,
died at Vienna, in the year 1761. There
is something very touching in the cir-
cumstances of his death. His sweetest
song was the last he sang—the "Re-
quiem." He had been employed on this
exquisite piece for several weeks, his
soul was filled with the inspirations of
the richest melody, and already claim-
ing kindred with immortality. After
giving it its last touch and breathing in-
to it that undying spirit of song which
was to consecrate it through all time, as
his "Circean strain," he fell into a gen-
tle and quiet slumber. At length the
light footsteps of his daughter awoke
him. "Come hither," said he, "my
Emilie. My task is done, my 'Requiem'
is finished." "Say not so, dear father,"
said the gentle girl, interrupting him,
with tears in her eyes; "you must be
better, for even now your cheek has a
glow on it. I am sure we shall nurse
you well again—let me bring you
something refreshing." "Do not deceive
yourself, my love," said the dying
father, "this wasted form can never be
restored by human aid. From heaven's
mercy alone do I look for help in this
dying hour. You spoke of refreshment,
my Emilie—take these last notes—sit
down to my piano here—sing with them
the hymn of your sainted mother—let
me once more hear those tones which
have been so long my solace and deli-
ght." Emilie obeyed, and with a
voice enriched by the tenderest emotion,
sang the following stanzas:

"Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden
shore,
And the race of immortals begun."

"Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret;
Pause not at the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set."

"Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary—like thee—the wretched
shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest."

"Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing,
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and
God,
Their loud hallelujah to sing."

As she concluded, she dwelt for a mo-
ment upon the low melancholy notes of
the piece, and then, turning from the in-
strument, looked in silence for the ap-
proving smile of her father. It was the
still and passionless smile which the
joyous spirit left—with the seal of death
—upon those features.

Stumbling Block to Hogs.

A gentleman stopped at a cabin
where an old negro woman lived, and
while waiting for one of the children to
get a bucket of fresh water, entered into
conversation with her concerning to crop
prospects.

"I did hab fo' or five hogs," said the
old woman, "but da's dwindled down
till I ain't got but one now."

"Did the hogs die?"
"Da muster die; but yer ain't
agwine ter git me ter say nuthin' agin
my neighbors. De man what libed up
dar is dead now, and I ain't agwine ter
say nuthin' agin him. De hogs disap-
peared away from heah while dat man
was libin; but I ain't agwine ter say
nuthin' agin him."

"Do you think that he took them?"
"Mister, dat man's dead, and I doan
weller say nuthin' agin him; but lem-me
teller yer, while dat man was libin' he
was a powerful stumblin' block ter
hogs."

Toads After a Rain.

Why are the toads so plentiful after a
thunder shower? All my life long no
one has been able to answer me that ques-
tion. Why, after a heavy shower, and
in the midst of it, do such multitudes of
toads, especially little ones, hop about
the gravel walks? For many years
I believed they rained down and I sup-
pose some think so still. "Thick as
toads after a shower" is one of our best
proverbs. I asked an explanation of this
of a thoughtful woman—indeed a lead-
er in the great movement—to have all
the toads hop in any direction without
distinction of sex or religion. Her reply
was that toads came out during the
shower to get water. This, however, is
not the fact. I have discovered that
they come out not to get water. I de-
luded a flower-bed the other night with
pailful after pailful of water. Immedi-
ately the toads came out of their holes to
escape drowning, by tens and twenties
and fifties. The big ones fled in a ridi-
culous streak of hopping and the little ones
sprang about in the wildest confusion.
The toad is just like any other land ani-
mal. When his home is full of water he
quits it.—[Charles Dudley Warner.]

The missing link is a fundamental
want which can never be supplied on the
side of evolution. It has been supplied
by Bethlehem on the other side, and we
are directly connected with God by that
sublime act of divine stooping. And we
may reasonably conclude that as the In-
carnation was not by evolution, neither
of men creation of man.—[Irish Chris-
tian Advocate.]

"According to the testimony of the wit-
nesses you were caught just as you were
getting out of the window, with the con-
tents of the till in your pocket. Now
what excuse have you got?" and the
judge leaned back in his chair very com-
placently. "I know it, Judge; and I
shall always be very grateful to the man
who caught me. When I have these
sombaticistic fits I am in danger of
falling out of windows and hurting my-
self." "That idea never occurred to me,"
remarked the Judge pensively. "It has
often occurred to me," remarked the
prisoner, with unconscious humor.
"That being the case, I will direct the
sheriff 'To turn me loose.'" "No, but
to have an extra bar put across your cell
window, for fear you may fall out."

Beautiful Death.

In a hushed room among the mountains
of Vermont a little boy lay dying. For
only four years had he been the crown
and glory of his parents. He was an
earnest, manly, little fellow, wise beyond
his years. He saw the anguish in his
mother's face, and pulling her down to
him he demanded the cause. Scarcely
knowing what she did, she told him he
was dying, and then, frightened at her
own words, she talked to him of death
and the fair country beyond, and all the
glories faith loves to believe await us
on the other side. Then he kissed away
her tears, and said: "Don't cry, mamma.
I don't know how it feels to die, but I am
not afraid." And so, clasping his father's
hand, and resting his head upon his
mother's arm, in the still night with the
full moon shining clear upon him, without
a moment's loss of consciousness, or one
single flutter of fear or dread, he passed
easily through the silent valley across the
shining river to the farther shore.—[Sel.]

Mrs. Twist, No. 16 Avenue D, says she has been
troubled with worms for more than a year, and
that she took one bottle of Dr. C. C. McLean's
Vermifuge, prepared by Fleming Bros., which
brought away from her over three hundred
worms, big and little. She now believes her-
self to be entirely free from disease.

Messrs. D. & J. W. Colton, of Winchester, Ind.,
happened last spring to get some of Dr. C. C. Mc-
Lean's Vermifuge. After getting a few bottles,
the demand became so great for it that their stock
was soon exhausted. They state that it has pro-
duced the best effect wherever used, and is very
popular among the people.

Andrew Downing, of Cranburgh township, Ven-
ango county, gave his child one teaspoonful of
Dr. C. C. McLean's Vermifuge, and she passed 177
worms. Next morning, on repetition of the dose,
she passed 113 more.

Jonathan Houghman, of West Union, Park
county, Iowa, writes that he is unable to
supply the demand, as the people in his neigh-
borhood say, after a trial of the others, that none is
equal to Dr. C. C. McLean's Vermifuge.

Mrs. Hardy, 110 Suffolk street, writes us that
she has been troubled with worms for some three
years, and that she used one vial of Dr. C. C. Mc-
Lean's Vermifuge, prepared by Fleming Bros., of
Pittsburgh, Pa., which brought away over fifty
large worms. Her usual good health immediately
returned.

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What will it Profit?

Oh, what will it profit, my brother,
Houses and acres so broad?
No title to mansions in glory,
None to the city of God.

Oh, what will it profit, my brother,
Silver and gold for thy store,
But never hast bought of thy Saviour
Gold that will last evermore?

Oh, what will it profit, my brother,
Friendships to share and to make,
And know not the friendship most precious,
One who has died for thy sake?

Oh, what will it profit my brother,
Earthly ambition and fame,
If Christ in his life book, in glory,
Never has written thy name?

Oh, what will it profit, my brother,
Treasures of knowledge to hold,
And know not the God of salvation,
Know not the love still untold?

Oh, what will it profit, my brother,
Rivers of pleasure to have,
And never to drink of Life's river,
Never to plunge in its wave?

How Willie Sold the Baby.

"I jes' wonder what's the matter with that baby, now," said Willie Wallace, very emphatically, as he entered the basement door in search of mamma, for the purpose of laying before her the pressing need of a new whip-top. Such a vociferous demonstration could not go on, thought Willie, without mamma being pretty near, so he stamped up the basement stairs, forgetting to wipe his feet, of course; and then up the next flight, and entering the front chamber, he was just about to present an urgent appeal for the whip-top, when his mother exclaimed, not exactly to Willie, but apparently as if she was unconscious of any one being present, "What shall I ever do with you, baby; I am completely worn out. You have cried almost all night, and now it seems as if you would cry all day."

Little boys and girls have no idea how extremely vexatious they were when they were babies, and so they in turn have no patience with a brother or sister baby when it cries and worries its mother almost to desperation.

Willie paused in the middle of the floor, after hearing his mother's nervous and despairing outburst, and stamping his foot vehemently, he said:

"Mamma, I jes' tell you what I'd do with it; I'd sell it."

Mrs. Wallace had not noticed Willie's entrance, but, looking up a moment from the convulsed infant that was kicking and screaming upon the bed, she said, without thinking of the effect upon master six-year-old, "I would be glad enough to, if I could find anybody that would take it."

Enough said. Willie forgot all about his whip-top. The suffering his mother had been caused by that baby had touched his little heart, and, picking up his hat he had tossed upon the floor, he clenched his teeth together and resolved that he would get rid of that baby before the sun went down.

He slipped out of the room as quietly as he had come in. Reaching the front stoop he paused to consider which one of the neighbors would be most likely to prove a good customer.

"Now, there is Mrs. Starr right across the street," soliloquized Willie. "She seems to think so much of that long-haired poodle. She hugs it and carries it in her arms wherever she goes. Now she certainly would care more for a nice live baby than she would for that little mean, water-eyed poodle. I'll go over and ask her."

So Willie ran across the street, and as the front door was open he walked into the library, where he found Mrs. Starr sitting in an easy chair, with the poodle sleeping upon her lap. Willie was just about to make known his errand, when the dog bounded at him furiously, and he was only restrained by the most earnest efforts of his mistress. When quiet was restored, Willie said:

"Mrs. Starr, don't you want to buy a nice baby?"

"Don't I want to buy a nice what?" said Mrs. Starr, bringing herself to an erect position, and eyeing Willie sharply.

"A nice baby," said Willie.

"No," said Mrs. Starr, "we haven't any room for babies in this house, or any time to take care of them; besides, we get all the benefit of hearing yours howl across the street."

"Our baby don't howl, if you please," said Willie, very much offended, "and if it wasn't for your dog that barks every morning and wakes it up, it would be a good deal better baby than it is."

This was said as Willie was backing toward the door, so he heard no reply, and, upon reaching the street, looked around for another customer.

"Now there's Mrs. Brown, two doors below," he thought. "She's got one baby, but she thinks so much of it I'm sure she'd like another."

So in a trice Willie was ringing Mrs. Brown's door bell, and in a moment Mrs. Brown answered, and Willie put the all-important question.

"Well, Willie," said Mrs. Brown, with her arms akimbo, "I ain't buying babies very much now-a-days; fact is they come along about as fast as I can take care of them; but, Willie, you don't mean to tell me that you would sell that little sister of yours?"

"Yes, I will," said Willie; "she worries mamma almost to death, and I won't stand it one minute longer"—and seeing there was no prospect of a sale, he ran down the stoop, and the last words he heard were—

"Don't you do it, Willie, don't you do it."

Now Willie felt almost discouraged, but, in his extremity, a happy thought struck him. There was Mrs. Van Arsdale that all the boys called "the nicest lady on the block." She certainly would buy the baby.

Fortunately Mrs. Van Arsdale was sitting in the porch when Willie entered the front gate, and going half way up the walk, he assumed the attitude of the man who came to sell his father a cow, with his legs apart and his hands jammed into his pants pockets, as he said, "Mrs. Van Arsdale, wouldn't you like to buy a baby?"

Willie was too much absorbed in the subject of the sale to notice the sudden start this question gave the person addressed, nor did he know the cause of the more tender words which conveyed Mrs. Van Arsdale's invitation to come up and sit beside her on the stoop.

Willie thus encouraged made haste to comply, and he was soon explaining that their baby was not a very bad baby, but

his mamma had got worn out with it, and he was going to sell it.

Mrs. Van Arsdale listened, half laughing through her tears, at Willie's earnestness, and then she said, "You know we lost our baby last summer."

Willie did remember it now, but had forgotten it.

"And since then," continued Mrs. Van Arsdale, "we have been, oh! so lonely; I would give almost anything to have my baby back again."

Here Mrs. Van Arsdale found it difficult to continue, and Willie, thinking it was about time to name the price, said: "I heard my mamma say, last winter, that she wished she had a nice seal-skin doberman like Mrs. Van Arsdale's. I guess she would give you the baby for that. I'll go over and ask her."

Without waiting for any further negotiations, Willie bounded up the street, losing his hat off and having to run back for it, which very much provoked him, and, in a moment he was again stamping up to his mother's chamber, but met her coming out gesticulating in the most frantic manner for him to keep quiet, as the baby had got to sleep. Willie seized his mother's dress and drew her into an adjoining room, and when the door was shut, no longer able to contain himself, he said:

"Mamma, I think I have sold the baby Mrs. Van Arsdale said she would give anything for a baby, and I told her I thought you would take her seal-skin doberman, and give her the baby, and—"

"Why, Willie, what under the sun have you been doing?" said his mother; and then she gave a hearty laugh, which contrasted strangely with Willie's serious countenance, and rather provoked him.

"Why," said Willie, "I told you I was going to sell it, and you said you would sell it if you could get anybody to take it."

"I know, my little man, but I was nervous and tired out, and I spoke without thinking; I wouldn't sell little sister baby for anything."

"Not for Mrs. Van Arsdale's seal-skin doberman?" said Willie, looking up into his mother's face.

"No; not for all the seal-skin dobermans in Brooklyn. Why, my little boy, you used to cry and worry mamma just the same when you were a baby."

"Well, I don't see how you will ever make it up with Mrs. Van Arsdale," said Willie "cause I told her you would let her have it."

This lifted a great load from Willie's shoulders, and a little later, the article of merchandise, Willie, the broker, and Mrs. Wallace, the owner, could have been seen walking down the street to Mrs. Van Arsdale's, the purchaser's. The baby wore a brand new hat and cloak, and was as quiet and peaceable as you please.

They had a very nice call and everything was satisfactorily explained; and while Mrs. Starr's poodle could be heard ki-ying at the top of his voice, and Mrs. Brown's baby, usually considered very exemplary, screamed in a most distracting manner, the Wallace baby continued as quiet as a lamb, and Willie decided it might come to be "something worth having after all."—[Christian at work.

Mayne Reid in the Mexican War.

The Castle of Chapultepec, commanding the great road of Mexico, was successfully stormed by our troops on the 13th of September, 1845.

Reid was in command of the grenadier company of New York Volunteers and a detachment of United States marines, with orders to guard a battery which they had thrown up. The morning of the 13th was fixed for the assault. The batteries were ordered to cease firing at eleven o'clock, and the attack began.

Reid and the artillery officers, standing by their guns, watched the advance of the line with intense anxiety, which became apprehension when they saw that about half way up the slope there was a halt. "I knew," he says in his account, "that if Chapultepec was not taken, neither would the city be; and failing in that, not a man of us might ever leave the valley of Mexico alive."

Asking leave of the senior engineer officer to join the storming party with his men, he obtained it with the words, "Go, and God protect you." He was off at once, with his volunteers and marines. After a quick run across the intervening ground, they came up to the storming party under the brow of the hill, where it had halted to await the scaling ladders. "At this point," says Lieutenant Marshall, of the Fifteenth Infantry, "the fire from the castle was so continuous and fatal that the men faltered, and several officers were wounded while urging them on. At this moment, I noticed Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York Volunteers. I noticed him more particularly at the time on account of the very brilliant uniform he wore. He suddenly jumped to his feet, and calling upon the men to follow, and without looking round to see if he was sustained or not, pushed on almost to the very walls."

Reid's action was not quite so reckless as this account of an eye-witness would make it appear. The outer wall of the castle was commanded by three pieces of cannon on a parapet, which, loaded with grape and canister, decimated the ranks of the Americans at every discharge. But death seemed equally certain whether the assailants retreated or remained where they were. Such is his own explanation of his conduct.

"Men!" he shouted out, in a momentary lull of the conflict, "if we don't take Chapultepec, the American army is lost! Let us charge up the walls!"

Voices answered: "We will charge if any one will lead us!" "We're ready!" "Come on! I'll lead you!" shouted Captain Reid, as he bravely leaped over the scarp that had temporarily sheltered them, and made the charge already described.

There was no need, he said, to look back to see if he was followed. He knew that his men would not have been three unless prepared to go where he led. About half-way up, he saw the parapet crowded with Mexican artillerymen, on the point of discharging a volley. He avoided it by throwing himself on his face, receiving only a slight wound in his sword-hand, another shot cutting his clothing. Instantly on his feet again, he

made for the wall, in front of which he was brought down by a Mexican once-ball tearing through his thigh.

All the testimony goes to show that he was first before the wall of Chapultepec, Reid's Lieutenant, Hypolite Dardenville, a young Frenchman, mounting the scaling ladders with the foremost, tore down the Mexican flag from its staff.

Before that, however, Reid was observed by Lieutenant Cochran, of the Voltigeurs. Cochran was pushing for the castle with his men, when before him, scarcely ten yards from the wall, an officer of infantry and comrade were shot and fell. "They were the only two at the time," he says in his statement, "whom I saw in advance of me on the rock on which we were scrambling."

Reaching the wall, Cochran ordered two men "to go back a little way and assist the ladders up the hill." As they passed the spot where the wounded officer lay, he raised himself with evident pain, and sang out above the din and rattle of musketry, imploring the men to stand firm:

"Don't leave that wall," he cried, "or we shall all be cut to pieces. Hold on, and the castle is ours!"

Cochran answered, to reassure him: "There is no danger, of our leaving this! Never fear!" Then the ladders came, the rush was made, and the castle fell.

"The wounded officer," Cochran continues, "proved to be Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York Volunteers."

Lieutenant Marshall, to whom we are indebted for that vivid glimpse of the young officer in "his very brilliant uniform," describes the effect produced by the exploit—all those who witnessed or knew of it pronouncing it, "without exception, the bravest and most brilliant achievement performed by a single individual during the campaign."—[St. Nicholas.

John Knox's Courtship.

John Knox, before the light of the Reformation broke up, traveled among several honest families in the west of Scotland, who were converts to the Protestant religion. Particularly he visited of Lord Ochiltree's family, preaching the Gospel privately to those who were willing to receive it. The lady and some of her family were converts. Her ladyship had a chamber, table, stool and candlestick for the prophet, and one night about supper-time said to him, "Mr. Knox, I think you are at a loss by want of a wife?" To which he said, "Madam, I think no one will take such a wanderer as I."

"Sir, if that be your objection I will make an inquiry to find an answer against our next meeting." The lady accordingly addressed herself to her eldest daughter, telling her that she might be very happy if she could marry Mr. Knox, who would be a great reformer, and a credit to the church; but she despised the proposal, hoping that her ladyship wished her better than to marry a poor wanderer. The lady addressed the second daughter, who answered as the eldest. Then she spoke to the third daughter, about 19 years of age, who very fairly said, "Madam, I will be very willing to marry him, but I fear he'll not take me." To which the lady replied, "If that be your objection, I'll soon get an answer." Next night at supper the lady said, "Sir, I have been considering on a wife for you, and find one very willing." To which Knox replied, "Who is it, madam?" She answered, "My young daughter, sitting by your side at the table." Then, addressing herself to the young lady, he said, "My bird, are you willing to marry me?" She answered, "Yes, sir, only I fear you will not be willing to take me?" He said, "My bird, if you are willing to take me you must take my venture of God's providence as I do. I go through the country sometimes on foot, with a wallet on my arm and a Bible in it. You may put some things for yourself, but if I bid you take the wallet you must do it, and go where I go, and lodge where lodge." "Sir," she said, "I'll do all this." "Will you be as good as your word?" "Yes, I will." Upon which the marriage was concluded. She went with him to Geneva, and as he was ascending a hill she got up to the top of it before him, and took the wallet on her arm, and sitting down, said, "Now, good man, am I not as good as my word?"

The Greatest Street-Preacher.

Archbishop Leighton, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister "Have you been hearing a sermon?" "I've met a sermon," was the answer. The sermon he had met was a corpse on its way to the grave. The preacher was Death. Greatest of street-preachers!—no laws nor penalties can silence. No tramp of horses, nor rattling of carriages, nor rush and din of crowded streets can drown his voice. In heathen, pagan, and Protestant countries, in monarchies and free states, in town and country, the solemn pomp of discourse is going on. In some countries a man is imprisoned for even dropping a tract. But what prison will hold this awful preacher? What chains will bind him? He lifts up his voice in the very presence of tyrants, and laughs at their threats. He walks unobstructed through the midst of their guards and delivers the messages which trouble their security and embitter their pleasure. If we do not meet his sermons, still we cannot escape them. He comes to our abodes; and taking the dearest objects of our love as his text, what sermons does he deliver to us! His oft-repeated sermons still enforce the same doctrine, still press upon us the same exhortation: "Surely every man walketh in a vain show. Surely they are disquieted in vain. Here there is no continuing city. Why are you laboring for that which I will presently take from you and give to another? Take no thought for the morrow. Prepare to meet thy God."

Cultivate a Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip.

If any of them get vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home-voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes, and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board.

I would say to all girls and boys, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.—[Jewish Messenger.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition.—[Colton.

If God made the world, you need not fear that he can't take care of so small a part as yourself; therefore trust in him.—[The Rev. Edward Taylor.

A minister was refused admission into a Ministers' Association at Aurora, Michigan, not long since, because he patronized "Sunday trains," and used tobacco.

The courts have decided that swearing through the telephone is sufficient for the removal of the instrument from the place where it has been misused.

As an indication of the growth of Protestantism in France, it is noticed that not less than six new Protestant churches have been dedicated within a month to the use of Protestant congregations.

Some people always have a reason give, or an explanation ready, when a question is asked them. Texas Siftings says: "A countryman, dining with his wife at an Austin hotel, observed that some persons at a table close by did not eat their food with their knives. The granger called his wife's attention to it, and she, with the quick intuition of a woman, explained the neglect of the knife at once. 'I reckon they have to wash the dinner-things, and the knives what ain't used won't need cleaning.'"

It was in a Latin class, and a dull boy was wrestling with the sentence, "Rex fugit," which, with a painful slowness of emphasis, he had rendered "the king flees." "But in what other tense can the verb *fugit* be found?" asked the teacher. A long scratching of the head, and a final answer of "Perfect" owing to a whispered prompting. "And how would you translate it then?" "Dunno." "Why, put a 'has' in it." Again the tardy emphasis drawled, "The king has fleas."

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AN ENGLISH VETERINARY SURGEON AND CHEMIST, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Hens and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says he will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders, and absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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At Home and Abroad.

In Nevada county the Italian and American chestnuts are remarkably prolific.

Of twelve buildings recently burned in Mills City, M. T., eleven were saloons.

On Thursday a shark was seen in the bay off the city front.

The expenses of the Alms House during October amounted to \$5,054.47.

The average temperature of the water on the beach at Santa Cruz during the past summer season was 61°.

Wheat is quotable at Portland at \$1.62, and the receipts from the interior large.

The tax collections in October aggregated \$48,625.55, which is \$8,579.05 in excess of the same last year.

County Clerk Season issued 245 marriage licenses last year at two dollars each.

The second trial of John S. Gray for embezzlement ended last Friday night with a verdict of guilty. The jury were out but a few minutes. There is every reason to believe that the verdict was a just one, and that this man ought to be thoroughly punished for his crime.

The City of Tokio will take a large number of Chinese on the outward trip. Nearly all of them are from the country, where they have been working as laborers, cooks, etc., very few are going from this city.

J. J. McMullin & Co. have signed a contract with the San Francisco and Colorado River Railroad Company, for the construction, within 120 days, or before February, 1884, of a ferry landing and depot at Alameda point.

The Immigration Association reports that during October 5,576 immigrants arrived in the State by the overland routes, and 990 arrived for the week ending Saturday, of whom 190 left the trains between Tuckee and San Francisco.

There were 85 deaths reported at the Health Office for the week ending Saturday, as against 105 for the corresponding week last year. The principal causes of death were: Consumption, 17; pneumonia, 7; heart disease, 6; Bright's disease, dropsy, old age, and typhoid fever, 3 each.

The receipts at the Postoffice in this city have increased since the postal rates have been reduced. The total sale of stamps, envelopes, etc., for the month was \$50,231.86, against \$46,219.84 for October, 1882—an increase of \$4,012.12. The receipts from other sources—box rents, etc.—was \$3,423 against \$3,386—an increase of \$37. This makes a total receipt of last month of \$53,654.86, against \$49,605.84 for October, 1882—a total gain of \$4,049.02. The number of two-cent stamps sold last month was 948,190, and three-cent stamps 13,707. Seventeen different kinds of stamped envelopes were disposed of, and \$340,041 one-cent postal cards were sold.

FEEL-MINDED CHILDREN.—The Trustees of the California Association for the care and training of feeble-minded children desire that all persons wishing to place children in the institution should report to them at once, as it is determined to locate and establish the work as soon as a sufficient number of paying children are recorded to meet the current expenses. It is also proposed to admit as many charity pupils as the funds subscribed will warrant. The school is to be opened by the 1st of January. All communications may be addressed to Mayor Bartlett, office, New City Hall, 4th.

The *Advance* says that "Father Turner," the veteran Home Missionary of Iowa, is now over eighty years of age. Being too feeble to walk, he was carried to the polls and deposited another ballot in favor of temperance.

And that was the way they won the day. In the brave, clean State of Iowa.

"Father Turner" has spent some time in this State in years past, and many of us know and love him well. He is the father of Mrs. E. B. Higgins of Santa Barbara.

PRICES CURRENT.

Silver, 1.10 1/2 per oz., 1000 fine; silver, 925 fine, 60 and fifteen cents per oz.

COMMERCIAL.

Flour—Best brands of City Extra, \$5.25 to 5.65; medium grades, \$4.25 to 4.75; Shipping Superfine, \$4.00 to 4.25.

Wheat—\$1.75 to 1.80 per ct.

Barley—Feed, \$1.02 1/2 to \$1.05.

Oats—No. 1, \$1.05 to 1.10.

Feed—Bran, \$15 to 15.50; ground barley, \$24 to 25; middlings, \$18 to \$20; oil cake, \$32.50 per ton.

Potatoes—35c to 90c per cwt. Sweet, \$1.75 to 1.87 1/2 per ct.

Fruit—Lemons, \$10 to 11 per box for Sicily; Bananas, 1.75 to \$3 per bunch; Cal. Oranges, \$2.25 to 2.50 per box; Strawberries, \$10 per chest; Apples, 40c to 1.50 per box; Pears, 50c to 1.25 per box.

Vegetables—Cabbage, 60 to 75 per ct.; Cauliflower, 60 to 75c per doz; Turnips, 75c to \$1 per ct.; Green Peas, 5c; Tomatoes, 25c to 50c per box.

Hay—\$5.00 to 15.00 for all grades. Straw, 50 to 60c per bale.

Butter—Choice, Cal, 32 1/2 to 35c.

Cheese—Cal, 11 to 15c choice.

Eggs—27 1/2 to 45c per doz for Cal.

Honey—Strained, 7 1/2 to 9c for white.

Beef—8 to 10c first quality; 5 to 6c for third.

Mutton—Wethers, 5c; Ewes, 4 to 4 1/2c.

Lamb—6c.

Pork—Live hogs, 5 1/2 to 5 3/4c for heavy packing and 5c to 5 1/2c for light hogs; dressed, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4c for hardstock.

Wool—8c to 17c.

Hides and Skins—Sheep skins, 20c to 25c for shearlings; 30c to 50c for short; 50c to 75c for medium; 90c to \$1.25 for long wool skins.

Sunday-School Lesson for Nov. 18, 1883.

1 Sam. xvi: 1-13.

David Anointed.

Golden Text.—"I have found David, my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him." (Ps. lxxix: 20.)

SAMUEL.

Saul was rejected, left to take his own course in the kingdom. After that great disobedience, the prophet brought him no more commands from Israel's supreme throne. Samuel retired to his home in Ramah, not in anger, but in sorrow, quietly to pursue his prophetic calling, and to wait for further revelation from God regarding the kingdom. Samuel was the last of the Judges and the first of the prophets. When Saul was anointed, his judicial duties ceased; but that was but a part of his work. Though the essential characteristic of the prophets was the revealing of God's will, they were also the poets of the nation; they were its analysts and historians; they were political reformers; they were moral and spiritual preachers; they were pastors of God's flock; they were authorized interpreters of Scripture; they were teachers. Though we hear little from this time on of Samuel, till his death, we may easily imagine him busily engaged in writing the records of his times, in directing the school of the prophets, in attending sacrificial feasts, from tribe to tribe, and in answering questions beyond the reach of ordinary sight. He was the originator of these prophetic schools, a noble institution for furthering the religious life of the nation. In them, promising young men were instructed in the interpretation of the law, in metrical composition, and in the use of stringed and wind instruments. Samuel was thus president of a Theological Seminary, one especially adapted for the people and the times; all that went forth were fitted to teach; some of them were especially endowed by God, and became the successors of Samuel in the prophetic office.

Samuel was honored as one who had long ruled Israel with strictest integrity and wisdom; he was revered as the saintly Nazirite; as the powerful intercessor with God, he was held in awe as the seer to whom hidden things were plain; as the prophet intimate with the plans of the God of Israel; he was feared as the rebuker of evil, as the denouncer of the judgments of Jehovah. But Samuel was a man, and with a warm heart, too. He had discovered Saul, anointed him, proclaimed him king, gone forth with him to battle, with him offered sacrifice to God, with him taken counsel for the good of Israel, and he loved the warm-hearted, impulsive, brave, though erratic young prince, and could not endure to think of his utter rejection. He mourned over and prayed for Saul; and, almost out of sympathy with the divine purpose, cherished the hope that Jehovah would yet restore him to favor. It may be that Samuel even feared that by the rejection of Saul the kingdom was endangered, no worthy successor appearing. But there was no hitch in the workings of the divine plan. With reproof for his doubt, there comes to the prophet a commission to anoint, as Saul's successor, a man after God's own heart.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

V. 1. "Oil"—undoubtedly the sacred oil of Exod. xxx: 23-ff. The anointing was a symbolical act denoting the setting apart to a high and sacred office. Saul was anointed twice; David, three times. "Jesse"—the grandson of Ruth the Moabitess, and Boaz. The family was one of rank in Judah. Boaz is called "a mighty man of wealth," and Nathan, his grandfather, was "Prince of the children of Judah." Jesse was a very old man at this time; he was the father of eight sons and two daughters. David was his youngest child.

V. 2. There was no enmity between Saul and Samuel, but Saul would consider such an act high treason.

"Take an heifer."—The Bible commentary says: "It was not the purpose of God that Samuel should stir up civil war by setting up David as Saul's rival. Secrecy, therefore, was a necessary part of the transaction. But secrecy and concealment are not the same as duplicity and falsehood. Concealment of a good purpose, for a good purpose, is clearly justifiable; e. g., in war, in medical treatment, in state policy, and in the ordinary affairs of life. In the Providential government of the world, and in God's dealings with individuals, concealment of his purpose, till the proper time for its development, is the rule rather than the exception, and must be so."

It was Samuel's custom to hold religious services, of which sacrifice was a regular part, in different places.

V. 3. "Bethlehem"—Little among the thousands of Judah, but glorious in the annals of the world. It was the burial place of Rachel, the beloved, the home of Ruth, the birth-place of David and of David's son and Lord, the Christ. For 4000 years its walls have marked the slope of the hill; the shepherds still watch their flocks on the uplands as did Jacob and David, the favored ones of Christmas night. Its fields of grain still give it the right to be called "House of bread," as they did in the days of the fair gleaner in the fields of Boaz. It lies six miles to the south of Jerusalem.

V. 4. The elders of the town trembled when they saw the hoary prophet come up the town slope driving the heifer before him; they thought, perhaps, that he was come with some stern rebuke for sin, or feared that he was on some mission hostile to Saul, for which the king would visit vengeance on them.

V. 5. "Sanctified Jesse"—i. e., saw that they were sanctified or made fit for the sacred service by abstinence from things criminally unclean, and by change of garments, and by washings.

V. 6. "And said," i. e., to himself.

V. 7. "The Lord said."—Probably Jehovah made known his will to Samuel on this occasion by distinct mental impression. So to-day the Holy Spirit directs us through the soul God has created. Samuel seems to have judged favorably of Eliab, because of his resemblance to Saul's well-known points of excellence. Samuel probably expected that heart and appearance would be united in the chosen one, and indeed it was. This verse contains another of those high spiritual thoughts, that, scattered throughout the history of Israel, so plainly prove their divine guidance.

Samuel's thoughts were read and answered as were men's in the days of the Christ.

V. 10. Evidently Samuel did not inform Jesse for what purpose his son was to be chosen. But Jesse did not doubt the importance and honor of the act, seeing how great and revered the prophet was. He might have thought it was for some position under the prophet, or in his school. There is reason to believe that David afterward did come under this prophetic instruction.

V. 11. Jesse evidently thought little of David as compared with his other seven sons. But it would have been perfectly natural to seek their advancement first, and to have put them forward, even had David been the darling that his name signifies.

V. 12. Dean Stanley thus describes David: "He was short of stature, had red hair and bright eyes; he was remarkable for the grace of his figure and countenance, well made, and of immense strength and agility. In swiftness and activity he could only be compared to a wild gazelle, with feet like hart's feet, with arms strong enough to break a bow of steel." The redness was probably of the cheeks, and not of the hair; and as to his stature, he did not object to the mighty Saul's armor because of its size, but because he had "not proved it."

V. 13. The real impartation of the divine blessing was the internal act that the anointing symbolized. The spirit of God remained with him from that day forth, awaking new energies of body and soul, and spirit, in every way fitting him to be a wise, courageous and spiritual king.

IMPROVEMENT.

Saul was rejected because of his self-willed disobedience; David was chosen because of his humble spirit of reliance upon God, and obedience to his will. "I have found David, my servant"—those two words declare the secret of God's choice. Men of stature, of valor, of ability to rule, of noble endowment in head and heart, there were in Israel; but they lacked that childlike spirit that makes men greatest in God's kingdom. Without that they are like grand organs without pedals; the great Master cannot make them express his will. With Saul, God and religion were matters separate from daily life and business. But all David's life was pervaded with the sense of the divine presence, and with the sense of the duty and privilege of service to him. This thought of being God's servant nerved his arm against the foes of the flock, gave him courage before the giant, filled the weary years of his wanderings with hope, counseled him on the throne, lifted his heart in prayer with strong crying and tears, in exile and distress enabled him, when fallen, to rise again, and brought him finally through all death-shadowed valleys into green pastures and beside still waters. The omnipotent inhabitant of eternity stooped to take up his abode in the humble and contrite heart. For this David was chosen; it lies with each one of us whether or not we too shall be chosen kings and priests unto God.

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